

RAPID TRANSIT IN NEW YORK—THE CRUSH AT THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Drawn by Arthur Lewis

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Thursday, September 15, 1904

A Republican Congress and President.

“HOWEVER confident the Republicans may claim to be in regard to the outcome of the presidential contest, they evidently are far from certain that they will be able to control the House in the Fifty-ninth Congress, the one which will be chosen in 1904,” says our generally reliable and always readable contemporary, the *Boston Herald*. The same thing has been said, in slightly different language, by the *New York World*, the *Brooklyn Eagle*, the *Philadelphia Record*, the *New York Times*, the *Atlanta Constitution*, the *Memphis Commercial-Appeal*, the *St. Louis Republic*, and *Harper's Weekly*. These papers, all of which are supporting Parker, are widely astray on this point. No Republican campaign manager, no editor of a Republican newspaper, no intelligent Republican anywhere need feel uneasy about the Congress which is to be chosen in 1904.

Every well-advised Republican believes that President Roosevelt will sweep the country. The party which wins the presidency wins the House of Representatives which is chosen with him. It would bother any one of the papers we have named to point out a single instance in which there was a partisan divergence between the President and the House elected with him. Only twice since party divisions have been established in the United States has such a break occurred. Zachary Taylor, Whig, elected in 1848, had a Democratic House when he set out in his service. Rutherford B. Hayes, Republican, and a Democratic House of Representatives started into power together in 1877. The two Adamses had the House of Representatives against them when they began their service, but in those times the divisions were more on personal than on partisan lines.

Usually the party holding the presidency meets a setback in the congressional election held in the middle of the presidential term. Often this setback is a real defeat, the House, and sometimes the Senate, turning against the President. But Taylor and Hayes were the only Presidents since regularly organized parties appeared who failed to carry the House of Representatives elected with them.

A Republican House, as well as a Republican Senate, will enter office with Theodore Roosevelt when he is inaugurated on March 4th, 1905.

Corporate Disregard of Public Interests.

IT IS to be hoped that the indictments against the officials of the steamboat company responsible for the *Slocum* disaster will result in the severe punishment of all who are found guilty. Such a result may have the effect of bringing home to the managers and directors of transportation companies generally a keener sense of their responsibilities to the public from whom they have received valuable franchises and upon whom they must rely for patronage. The appalling sacrifice of life on the *Slocum* was largely due, as all the evidence adduced at the various investigations has clearly shown, to the gross and indefensible neglect of the company owning the boat to provide the facilities required by law for safeguarding the lives of passengers.

Other cases are constantly occurring where lives and property are sacrificed in the same way by corporations more eager for profits and large dividends than they are to minister to the comfort and safety of the

traveling public. A specific instance of the kind was the disaster to the White Mountain express, a few weeks ago, from which hundreds of passengers narrowly escaped with their lives. This disaster was one of a number which have occurred recently on a railroad notorious above most others for its wanton disregard of public interests and its niggardly and unprogressive management. Although enormously rich from the monopoly it enjoys of a valuable public franchise, this corporation never seems to be mindful of the obligations it has thereby incurred to expend some part of its wealth in providing its patrons and the communities to which it owes its remarkable success with the comforts and conveniences and the improved facilities which modern science and inventive genius have brought within its reach.

One of the States through which this very road runs has attempted to meet conditions like these by a special law providing that all moneys earned by railroads operating within its limits, above a fixed percentage of profit, shall be turned into betterments of the roads themselves. This provision, however, it has been found easy for the particular road in question to evade, as a rule. The principle involved in this law is sound, since it not only gives legal and explicit recognition of public ownership of railway franchises, but also seeks to make that ownership of some actual value to the people by providing that above a reasonable amount of profit the corporations holding such franchises shall turn back their earnings to the direct benefit of the people and the traveling public.

The pity is that a law so excellent in its spirit and intent is not enforced to the letter. Either some provisions of this kind must come into play to check the greed and selfishness of many public-service corporations, or the day will soon come when the people will adopt the alternative and operate these franchises for themselves and for their own benefit.

Why Not Endow Men?

WE VENTURE to assert that if our men of great wealth and philanthropic motives who have lately been giving so generously and largely of their accumulations to the endowment of colleges, hospitals, libraries, and other worthy objects and institutions should turn some part of this volume of beneficence into the endowment of men, they might be contributing even more largely in some instances to the progress of the world and the happiness and well-being of their fellows. We mean by this the selection of men of character, experience, and proved ability and their assignment to some line of needed educational, charitable, or reform work, with a fair and just salary allowance guaranteed for a reasonable period of years, if not for life.

It will be generally conceded that many excellent causes are suffering to-day and making slow and altogether unsatisfactory progress, not so much from a lack of means to carry them on as from a lack of men to give the necessary time and energy to the work. It is, as a rule, easier to raise the money for some well-approved philanthropic enterprise than it is to find the men competent to direct the work and push it to success. It is true, also, that many noble and highly important undertakings of this character are in existence to-day whose progress is greatly retarded, their usefulness limited, and their future uncertain simply because the men at the head of them are overworked and underpaid, a good part of their time being expended in efforts to raise necessary funds, and their vital force additionally depleted by the anxieties and embarrassments forced upon them by meagre and uncertain pay. To relieve such men of financial stress and worry would be sufficient in itself in many cases to double their efficiency and real usefulness in the causes to which their minds and hearts are given.

It will not do to say that devotion and enthusiasm in good causes are not to be purchased by money, that the men best qualified to perform such services are not moved by pecuniary considerations. This is pure sentimentality and not practical sense. The laborer in the field of religion, philanthropy, and reform is as worthy of his hire as any other laborer, and he usually needs it as much. Few men with the heart and desire for engaging in such service are so fortunately placed that they can give up their lives to it without regard to the question of financial support. Family obligations, to speak of no others, forbid that they should expend all their energies in gratuitous service for others, however much they may be inclined to do so. It is neither a sordid nor a mercenary view of the case to urge that good men who are regularly engaged in good work should be paid for such work on the scale that other men of equal gifts and capacities are paid in ordinary spheres of labor.

If we were to come to specific instances it would be easy to mention numerous lines of social, industrial, political, and civic betterment the value and need of which are generally recognized, but in which comparatively little is being done, chiefly because competent persons are not employed to give them the time and thought. Some are going forward slowly, dependent partly on voluntary and free service and partly on the service of men who, though able and competent, are crippled from a lack of adequate financial support. What it would be worth to some of these causes to have even a few earnest, able, and energetic persons giving all their time to their promotion is beyond all estimation. It would make all the difference in some cases between success and absolute failure or an inadequacy and ineffectiveness little better than failure.

Our proposition is, therefore, that men who are fortunate enough to possess both the means and the desire to confer large benefits upon their fellow-men in some specific line shall select persons qualified to perform particular service effectively, and then endow them, as they would a society or an institution, with a sufficient amount to insure that regular, persistent, and systematic effort which every cause must have if it would succeed. By such means men of large wealth who have the heart and spirit to engage in philanthropic work themselves, but have neither the time nor the training nor the special gifts to qualify them for doing it effectively, can put their representatives in the field to perform the desired service, and see their hopes and aims fulfilled in the speediest and noblest way.

The Plain Truth.

IT IS GRATIFYING to observe that our contemporaries both of the daily and weekly press have approved, as with one voice, a recent paragraph in these columns in which the action of a Massachusetts society, debarring the sale of a paper in that State because it contained the picture of an American flag decorated with a portrait of Washington, was characterized as ridiculous and a travesty on the name and the spirit of genuine patriotism. Referring to our comment in an approving note the *Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier* likens the conduct of the Boston society and its silly attitude toward the American flag to the fetishism of the Voodoo people and their worship of conjure bags, while a leading Massachusetts paper, the *New Bedford Standard*, thinks that the law under which such absurdities are made possible ought to be wiped off the statute-books of Massachusetts at the next legislative session. It is the general view of the press, a view in which we heartily agree, that no law is needed in any State to prevent the wrongful use of the American flag. The common sense of the American people may be relied upon for all the protection the flag needs. The multiplication of petty and meddlesome statutes for which no necessity exists is a vice of our legislative bodies, and there is no better specimen of it than this ridiculous statute in Massachusetts.

WE FEEL confident that the movement for restricting and otherwise abating the poster and advertising-sign nuisance in New York has received only a temporary setback from the decision of the former corporation counsel, who held that the city charter gives the municipal legislature “no authority over signs in street-cars,” and that “it would be an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the citizen” to give them that power. This is a discouraging opinion to set forth with eminent legal authority behind it, but it is not necessarily final or conclusive. With all due respect to Mr. Rives, it is not easy to see, from reading of the charter provision on this subject, where he found his warrant for this decision. The charter contains a clause in which the board of aldermen are given positive and explicit authority “to regulate the use of streets for signs,” and also “the exhibition of advertisements or hand-bills along the streets.” As the *New York Tribune* well says, in commenting on Mr. Rives's decision, “If a sky sign is not an exhibition of an advertisement along the street or a placard exhibited from a building, it is difficult to see what it is.” Carried to its logical conclusion, the opinion of the corporation counsel would justify almost any outrage on the public in the shape of advertising abominations. Public sentiment will certainly uphold decided action in clearing the street-cars, and the streets as well, of ugly and disfiguring signs, and we have little doubt that the higher courts will sustain the proceeding if an appeal to them becomes necessary.

THE CRITICS of President Roosevelt are delighted to characterize him as impulsive, precipitate, rash, controversial, militant, and what not that means haste and rashness. An incident recently occurred that betrays the real as opposed to the maligned man. It is an open secret in diplomatic and missionary circles that Turkey seldom yields to anything save coercion in the form of a naval demonstration. Then it cringes and does not fight. It is known that President Roosevelt was reminded of this undisputed historic fact by those who have been engaged since February, 1903, in efforts to secure equal rights for Americans with those of people from British and continental countries in maintaining schools and colleges. But the President was reluctant to accept the proposed method and used this illustration: “I have lived in the West, among rough men, where the rule was never to draw a revolver unless you meant to shoot, and never to fire unless you meant to kill.” Instead of making an immediate naval demonstration, President Roosevelt waited one and a half years, exhausting all the resources of diplomacy to obtain American rights, guaranteed by treaty and conceded to foreign Powers. Finally, patience ceased to be a virtue, and a naval demonstration was made, and even then the purpose was not to initiate hostilities, but to sever diplomatic relations and leave Turkey among the nations to go to her own place, like Judas after his suicide. The Sultan justified his record as a procrastinating and ultimately craven monarch. He bowed to the argument which was an ultimatum, a *dernier resort*. Would Abraham Lincoln or William McKinley have been more conservative than Theodore Roosevelt? In the pure light of history, the administration of President Roosevelt will stand beside the best that the nation has ever had.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

A RECENT news-letter from Che-foo, China, gives some interesting details concerning a visit made by Dr. Louis L. Seaman, of New York, among the Chunchuses, a tribe of Chinese bandits who have been giving serious annoyance to the Russian forces in Manchuria. Dr. Seaman, who was a surgeon-major of volunteers during the Cuban campaign and attained prominence in that connection, went to Japan early last spring, and has been as near to the front in the war as it has been possible for him to be. Previous to his return to Che-foo, Major Seaman, together with Captain Boyd, of the Tenth United States Cavalry, spent some time in the camp of Chungzorlin, a Chunchus chief, near Sin-ming-tun, where the Chunchuses number 10,000 men. The major says that these men are in the employ of the Japanese, who use them to harass the Russians. During the visit of Major Seaman and Captain Boyd the bandits brought in the heads of five Cossacks on pikes. These Cossacks had been part of a detachment of thirty-five men who were engaged in securing 1,000 head of cattle. After the bandits defeated the Russian detachment they appropriated the cattle. The Chunchuses pride themselves on their horsemanship, and the visiting officers owed their welcome among them to some West Point riding tricks shown to them by Captain Boyd. The attack of the Chunchuses on the Cossack detachment with the cattle resulted in a force of 3,000 Cossacks marching out to avenge the killing of their comrades. Thereupon the robber chief said his visitors had better go, as he could not undertake to protect them. Consequently Major Seaman and Captain Boyd left for Che-foo.



DR. LOUIS L. SEAMAN,
Who has been a guest of Chinese bandits.
—Aime Dupont.

THE TRUSTEES of the University of Illinois have made an exceptionally happy choice in electing Dr. Edmund J. James as president of that institution, succeeding Dr. A. S. Draper, who resigned last spring to become State Superintendent of Public Instruction in New York. Few living educators are better known or more eminent in the profession than Professor James. As an administrator, a lecturer, a writer on educational topics, and a leader in educational and civic reform movements he has achieved a national fame. He is a native of Jacksonville, Ill., where he was born in 1855. He was educated at Northwestern University and at Harvard, and spent considerable time in study abroad. Professor James filled the chair of political and social science at the University of Pennsylvania for eleven years, and later became a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago, whence he was called, about a year ago, to the presidency of his alma mater, Northwestern University, at Evanston. Professor James has been one of the chief officers and leading spirits in the National Municipal League, and is recognized as a foremost authority on various features of municipal government. The University of Illinois is one of the largest educational institutions in the United States, with a corps of instructors numbering over three hundred, and a roll of nearly three thousand five hundred students.



EDMUND J. JAMES, LL.D.,
Who succeeds Dr. Draper as president of
the University of Illinois.

THE INADVERTENT publication on this page, a few weeks ago, of the portrait of another English prelate for that of the present Archbishop of Canterbury gives us occasion, while correcting the error, to add a few words more concerning this most distinguished ecclesiastical dignitary, who is now visiting the United States. As the successor of Dr. Frederick Temple in the archbishopric of Canterbury, Dr. Thomas Randall Davidson has fully maintained the standard of learning, dignity, and piety established by a long line of illustrious predecessors in the primacy of the English Church. The arch-

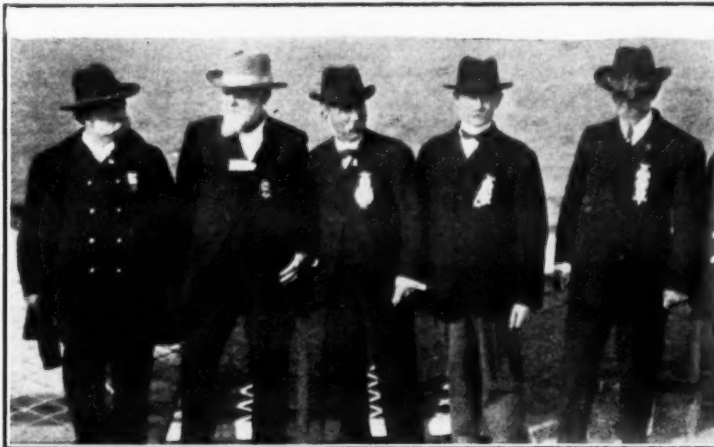
bishop has come to America primarily for the purpose of attending the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, which opens in Boston on October 4th. In the meantime he has made a short tour of Canada and will visit several American cities, including Washington and, possibly, St. Louis and Chicago. For three weeks previous to the Boston conference he will rest quietly at the country homes of Bishop Doane, of Albany, and Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts. While in Boston the archbishop will be entertained by J. Pierpont Morgan in one of the handsomest residences of that city,



TWO GREAT FIGURES IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Archbishop of Canterbury (left), now in America, welcomed, on board the
steamship Celtic at New York, by Bishop Potter (right).—Levick.

loaned for this special purpose during the conference. It has been stated on good authority that one object of Dr. Davidson's visit to America at this time is to promote a union of English-speaking Protestantism into one body of world-wide scope. Such a union, the Archbishop feels certain, is destined to become the dominant moral force of the world, a religious replica of the Roman Empire, but an "Empire of God."

THE RECENT national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in Boston was one of the most successful reunions in the history of that organization. The veterans, with remarkable vigor and pluck, concentrated their scattered forces from all parts of the country on the "Hub," and easily made that city their own. No less than 25,000 ex-soldiers of the Union marched in grand parade, and though some of them, as was the case with many spectators, were overcome by the heat, they showed much of their old endurance. It evidently will be many years before the last Grand Army of the Republic parade will be held. An interesting feature of the encampment was a lively preliminary contest for the leading office in the organization, resulting, as usual, in the selection of a worthy and competent man. The new commander-in-chief, General Wilmon W. Blackmar, of Boston, was chosen in the convention by acclamation, the other candidates withdrawing. The general has an excellent war record, possesses executive ability, is personally popular, and his administration will doubtless be a success. After the completion of the work of the encampment the veterans took a trip to Nahant on the steamer Miles Standish, General Blackmar and four past commanders-in-chief, as shown in our photograph, being prominent among the excursionists.



LEADERS OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
Left to right: General W. W. Blackmar, newly-elected commander-in-chief; and ex-Commanders-in-chief Louis Wagner, John Kountz, A. G. Weissert, and Eli Torrence.—Trumbull.

WE HAVE recently had occasion to mention one of England's most remarkable women in the person of the Dowager Duchess of Abercorn, who is now over ninety years of age, is the mother of thirteen children, and has altogether over two hundred living descendants. One of the daughters of this Duchess of Abercorn is the Marchioness of Blandford. Many society people on both sides of the Atlantic can remember the sensation caused by the double marriage, in Westminster Abbey, of the two younger daughters of the Duke of Abercorn, known as "Old Splendid," and his



THE MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD,
A leader in England's exclusive social
set.

popular duchess in 1869, the bridegrooms being the then Marquis of Blandford and the fifth Marquis of Lansdowne. Lady Blandford has but one son, the present owner of Blenheim, and three daughters. She is a great favorite at the English court.

PROFESSOR MANUEL GARCIA, who has completed his ninety-ninth year, was born in Madrid on March 17th, 1805. His has been not merely a long, but an active life, and is unequaled in respect to its duration in the records of musical art. It amazes one to think that he was an infant seven months old when the battle of Trafalgar was fought; was ten years of age at the date of Waterloo; that England has had five sovereigns in his time; that it is eighty-four years since his "beautiful soprano voice changed into a no less beautiful tenor"—to quote one who knew him well—and his father, Manuel del Popolo Vicente Garcia, taught him the art of vocalization; and that nearly eighty years have rolled away since he made his debut as a dramatic tenor in Paris.

MRS. ARTHUR PAGET, wife of Major-General Paget, Scots Guards, a daughter of the late Mrs. Paran Stevens, of New York, was seriously injured on the night of August 2d, as a result of falling down the elevator shaft of her London residence in Belgrave Square. Her thigh was fractured and her knee injured. Mrs. Paget opened the elevator door in the night with the intention of entering the electric elevator. The elevator was in the upper part of the house, and she, not noticing this, stepped into the shaft, and fell to the basement. At last accounts Mrs. Paget was still in a serious condition, and it is believed that she will be a cripple for the remainder of her life. Mrs. Paget has been a leading figure among the American women in London for the past twenty-five years and has always stood in high favor at the English court. She was one of the small but influential group of women who organized the hospital-ship known as the *Maine*, during the Boer War, and she was personally thanked by Queen Victoria with reference to the work she did on that occasion.

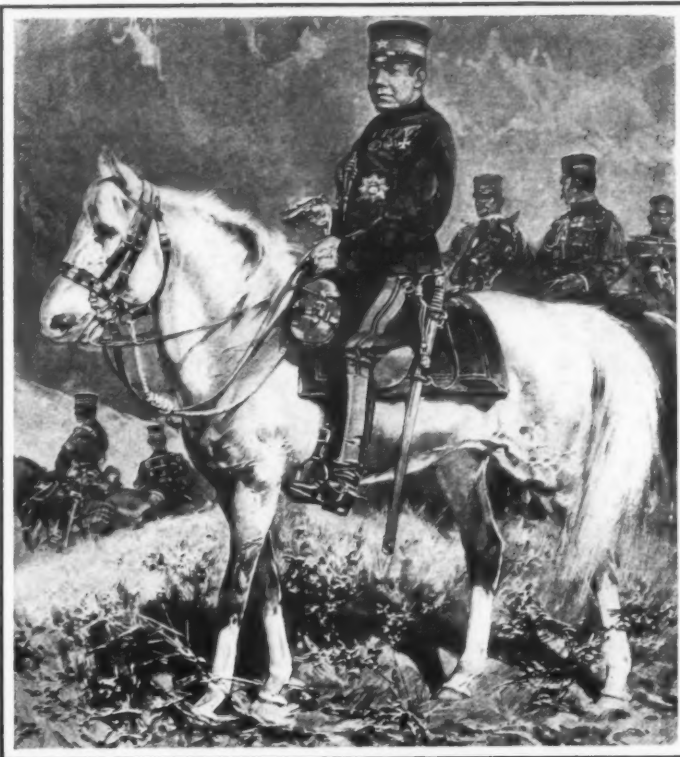


MRS. ARTHUR PAGET,
The victim of a painful accident at her
London home.

THE RULERS of Europe at present are not so much engrossed in ruling that they have not time to indulge, with the rest of the world, in "fads." King Carlos, of Portugal, is said to be specially fond of the camera, and spends a considerable part of his royal leisure in taking "snap-shots" of things. King Emmanuel, of Italy, has a particular fancy for automobiles, a liking shared also, it may be added, by President Loubet, of France, the Shah of Persia, and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. The Queen of Roumania is a great collector of rare books, as well as being a poet herself. The Prince of Monaco is an expert in deep-sea life and phenomena, and Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, boasts the finest collection of old lace in Europe. But most curious of all, perhaps, is the specialty of the venerable King of Denmark, the collection of birds' eggs. His present collection is said to be worth \$75,000, and it may, in time, go to some museum.



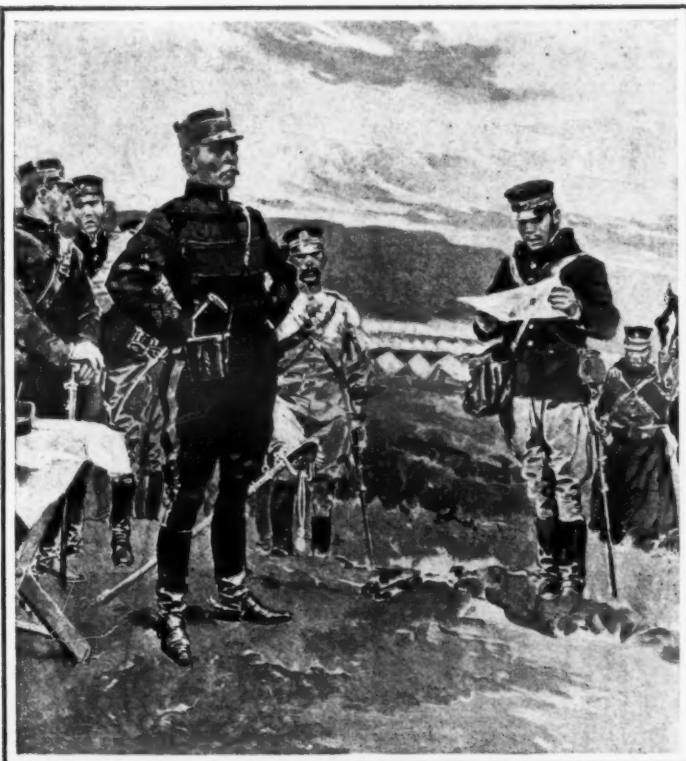
GENERAL RENNENKAMFF, THE DASHING AND POPULAR COMMANDER OF THE COSSACKS, ENJOYING AN OUTDOOR LUNCH AND DELIGHTING HIS MEN WITH JOVIAL TALK.



MARSHAL OYAMA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE JAPANESE ARMIES, WHO DIRECTED THE SUCCESSFUL OPERATIONS AGAINST THE RUSSIANS AROUND LIAO-YANG.



GENERAL KUROPATKIN, COMMANDER OF THE RUSSIAN FORCES, REVIEWING, AT LIAO-YANG, TROOPS THAT WENT OUT TO FIGHT THE JAPANESE.



GENERAL KUROKI, COMMANDER OF THE JAPANESE RIGHT WING, RECEIVING A REPORT DURING THE HOTTEST PART OF THE FIGHTING.



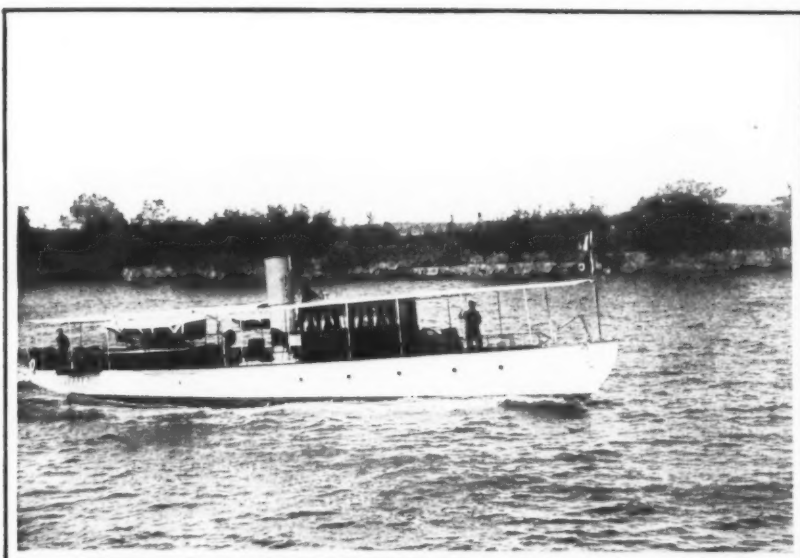
GENERAL THEODORE KELLER, ONE OF RUSSIA'S BEST SOLDIERS, KILLED BY A JAPANESE SHELL IN BATTLE DURING THE RETREAT TOWARD THE DOOMED CITY.

COMMANDERS WHO FOUGHT IN THE WORLD'S GREATEST BATTLE.

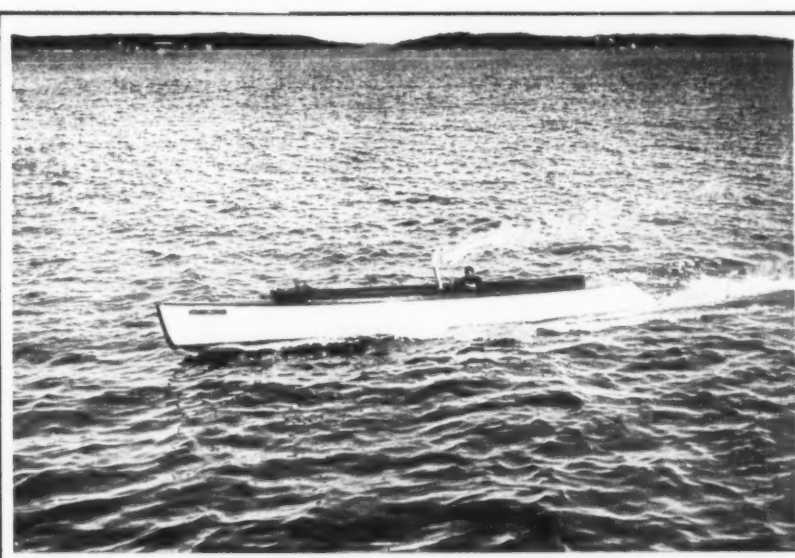
RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE GENERALS PROMINENT IN PRELIMINARY FIGHTS AND THE FINAL TWELVE-DAY STRUGGLE ABOUT LIAO-YANG, IN WHICH 500,000 MEN WERE ENGAGED, AND WHICH RESULTED IN THE DISASTROUS DEFEAT AND RETREAT OF THE RUSSIANS, THE CAPTURE OF THE CITY, AND A LOSS ON BOTH SIDES OF OVER 50,000 MEN.



THE GREAT DOCK BEFORE THE FRONTENAC HOTEL, ON REGATTA DAY.



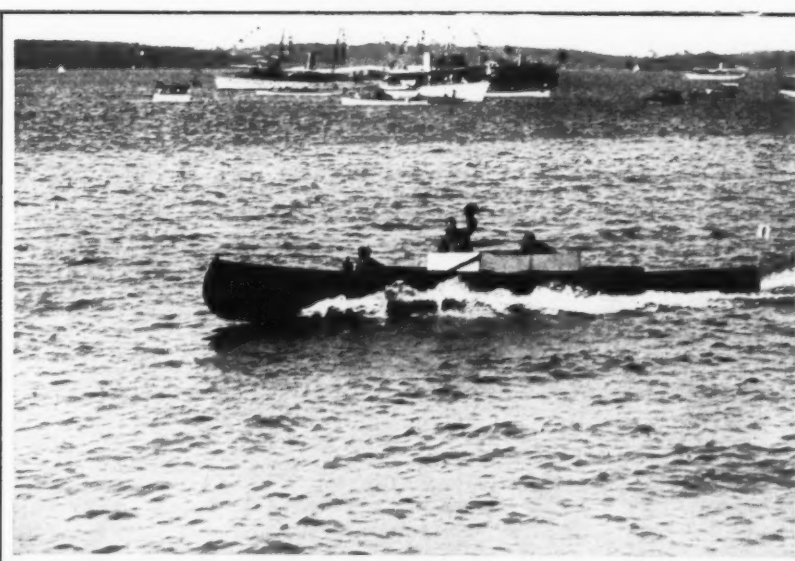
THE "JULE," PROPERTY OF ALFRED COSTELLO, OF NEW YORK, CHAIRMAN OF THE RACING COMMITTEE.



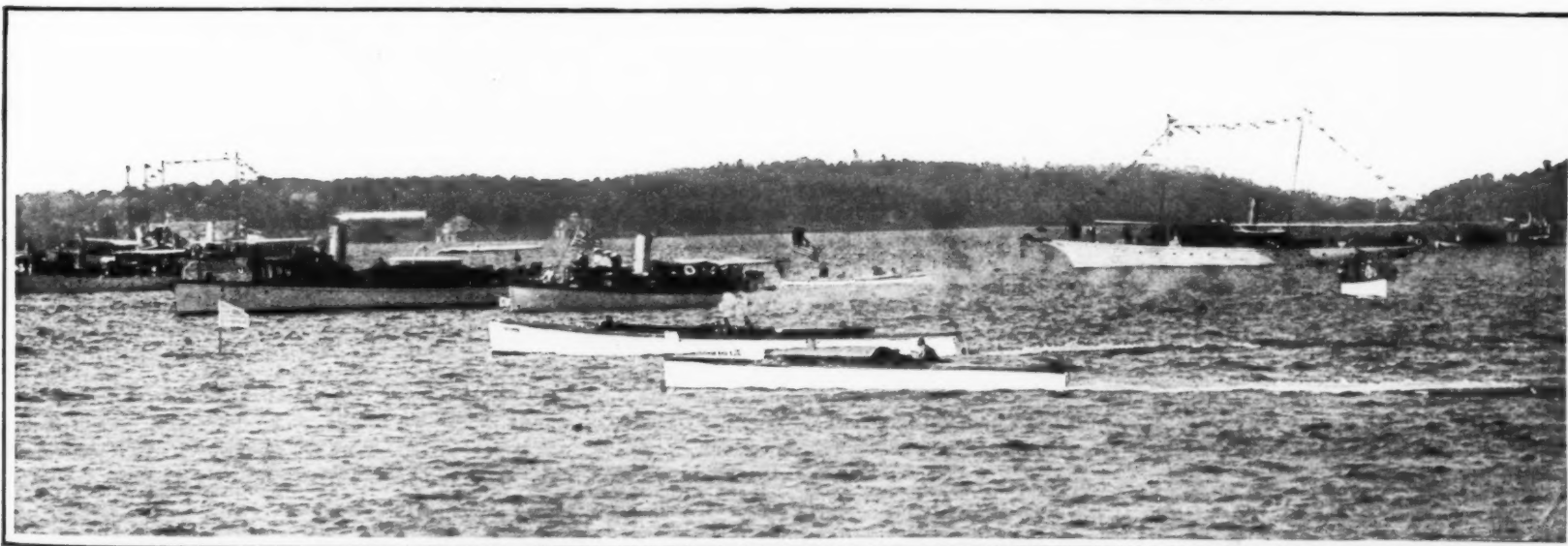
THE "TOO EASY," OWNED BY WILLIS SHARPE KILMER, OF BINGHAMTON, WINNER OF THE HANDICAP RACE.



THE "TEAL," WINNER OF THE EVENT FOR BOATS UNDER 60 RATING, OWNED BY CAPTAIN H. S. JOHNSTON, OF CLAYTON, N. Y.



THE "PAPPOOSE," A SPEEDY CANOE-SHAPED CRAFT OWNED BY FITZ HUNT, OF NEW YORK.



H. A. RICHARDSON'S "PRISCILLA" AND W. S. KILMER'S "VINGT-ET-UN II." (SECOND IN FOREGROUND) STARTING IN THE HANDICAP RACE FOR BOATS OVER 60 RATING.

NOTABLE MOTOR-BOAT RACING AT THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.
SWIFT LITTLE CRAFT WHICH TOOK PART IN THE RECENT GREAT REGATTA OF THE FRONTENAC MOTOR-BOAT RACING ASSOCIATION.

Photographs by E. H. Shepard. See page 246.

Three Years of President Roosevelt

By Charles M. Harvey



WHEN, ON September 14th, 1901, William McKinley's death sent Vice-President Roosevelt to the presidency a chain of events was started which makes that day a great date-

mark in universal history. The new President had a many-sided equipment for the duties of his office. He had never

been in Congress, except that his rôle of Vice-President had made him a quasi-member of Congress's upper branch. But in the drama of his country's development he had played many parts.

Born in New York in 1858, near the middle of Buchanan's administration, he was thus forty-three years of age when he went to the White House. A graduate of Harvard of 1880, he served in the New York State Assembly in 1882-1884; was chairman of the Republican delegation from New York to the national convention of 1884 which nominated Blaine; a ranchman in Montana in 1884-1886; Republican candidate for mayor of New York in 1886; United States civil-service commissioner, 1889-1895, under Harrison and Cleveland; president of New York City's board of police commissioners, 1895-1897; Assistant Secretary of the Navy, 1897-1898; lieutenant-colonel and colonel of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry ("Rough Riders") in the war of 1898 with Spain; Governor of New York, 1899-1901, and Vice-President of the United States and President, 1901.

In every one of these fields of activity he was a stirring and forceful personality. During all those years his pen, too, was busy. Living the life of the West for several years, he also wrote the best history of the West's development which has ever been published, and has written biographies of some of the West's great figures. Assisting, as he did, in making the country's history, he has written much national history, especially the naval phase of the War of 1812 with England, and the military side of the Spanish war of 1898, and also the lives of several national personages, as well as books on many other large themes, including one on Cromwell. Long before he entered the White House he had seen life in many aspects, and had been a close student of the political and social problems of many lands.

Even before his nomination for Vice-President, Mr. Roosevelt's name was known all over the world. Among his own countrymen he was the West's especial favorite. Many persons—Westerners, Easterners, and Southerners—had been mentioned in 1900 for the Republican nomination for Vice-President. Against his own desire, for he preferred another term as Governor, the West put him forward for Vice-President, and he received the unanimous vote of the convention. The year 1900 was President McKinley's year for a re-nomination. He deserved this honor, and nobody else was mentioned for the office. If McKinley had not been a candidate Roosevelt would have been nominated for President in 1900. His name in the convention of that year aroused even more enthusiasm than did McKinley's. Had McKinley lived through his second term Roosevelt would have been nominated in 1904.

On the stump in the campaign of 1900 he was a favorite. His speaking tour through the West was even more memorable for the great masses of people who greeted him, and for the enthusiasm which he aroused, than it was for the unexampled number of miles which he covered, the number of States which he canvassed, and the number of addresses of all sorts which he made. The Coliseum in St. Louis, in which he spoke on his return trip to the East near the close of the campaign, had a larger and more enthusiastic audience in his honor than it held during the Democratic National Convention of 1904. The immense majority rolled up for the McKinley and Roosevelt ticket in the West was due in a considerable degree to Roosevelt's personal popularity and to his powers as a campaigner.

Going to the presidency in September, 1901, as the result of a lamentable tragedy, his countrymen had great confidence in Mr. Roosevelt's intelligence, vigor, and balance. They have not been disappointed. Owing to the circumstance that it was McKinley and not himself who had been elected President, he promised to conduct the office on the McKinley lines. He has carried out the pledge, so far as his countrymen can discern, but the things that he has done have been done in the Roosevelt and not the McKinley way. They bear the impress of the Roosevelt personality. Under his leadership the government has governed.

For many years there had been attempts in and out of Congress to secure national irrigation. President Roosevelt urged it in his first annual message to Congress, that of 1901; he used his influence for it, a bill bringing it was pushed through Congress, which he promptly signed, and irrigation was placed on the national statute-book. The irrigation act of 1902, under which the West's deserts will be made to blossom, and millions of blades of grass to grow where none

grew before, is a fitting supplement to the free-homes law signed by Lincoln in 1862, which Lincoln's and Roosevelt's party had championed from the beginning, which the Democrats had opposed, but which the Republicans passed as soon as they gained complete control of the government.

President Roosevelt handed over the government of the Cuban republic to the people of Cuba. The reciprocity treaty with Cuba, which had been defeated in one Congress, was made the special work of an extra session which he called to deal with this issue, and, by his personal influence, reciprocity was enacted. He settled the anthracite coal strike, which had lasted many months, which had cost the strikers millions of dollars, which had sent the price of coal up to all consumers, inflicting great damage upon the country, and which promised to continue many months longer, and to lead to fuel riots in our great cities in the dead of winter. Roosevelt stepped in and brought about an adjustment which was satisfactory to both sides. He halted Germany, England, and Italy in their raid on Venezuela, sent that controversy to The Hague court, gave vitality to that tribunal, which Europe wanted to kill through disuse, and secured the world's formal and official sanction for the Monroe Doctrine.

Into the Sherman anti-trust act of 1890, which previous Presidents and other statesmen had supposed to be obsolete, he blew the breath of life in the suit against the Northern Securities pool, which he disrupted. Through his advocacy the Department of Commerce and Labor, with its head in the Cabinet, was created, and it has already appropriated to itself a large field of usefulness. Through his Secretary of War, Elihu Root, he created a general staff, re-organized the army, and placed it on modern, scientific lines. Under him, and largely through his influence, the navy has been expanded until, when the vessels at present under construction by the various nations are completed, the United States will take the second place as a naval Power, passing Germany, Russia, and France, which are now ahead of her, and ranking next to England.

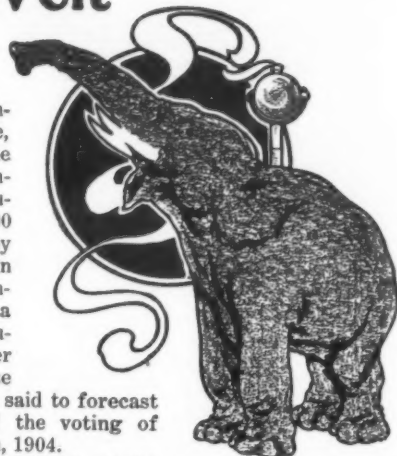
President Roosevelt has preserved the open door in China, and he has been the largest single factor in saving China from spoliation in the war between Russia and Japan, and in restricting the area of that conflict to Korea and Manchuria. In the Alaskan boundary controversy, which had been a source of irritation to Canada, England, and the United States for many years, he secured a settlement favorable to the American claim. The isthmian canal-cutting dream of four centuries' duration he has transmuted into fact by his Panama treaty, under which the waters of the Atlantic and of the Pacific are to be joined at Panama by a canal owned by the United States, and under the sole control and jurisdiction of this country. As an incident of the canal negotiation the Panama republic was created under the sway of the people of Panama, but as a ward of the United States. By his "Perdica-alive-or-Raisuli-dead" demand he has stopped the kidnaping of American citizens in Morocco. By his ultimatum to Turkey he has extorted from the Sultan a pledge of treatment for American schools and missionaries in the Turkish empire equal to that extended to the most favored of European Powers. The domestic sway of President Roosevelt has added to the country's prosperity and power. His foreign policy has established new precedents, has blazed new paths for American exploitation, and has made the American republic the most progressive as well as influential of the world's nations.

These are some of the reasons why Mr. Roosevelt has conquered the restrictions which hampered all the other Vice-Presidents whom death sent to the presidency—Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson, and Arthur. Unlike all of these, he was, almost from the beginning of his service, virtually without opposition in his party in his aspirations for the nomination for President. Alone among all of these distinguished personages, he has carried off the presidential candidacy, and this, too, by a unanimous vote. He has smashed all the parallels, similitudes, and precedents which have attached to his predecessors. A very large majority of his countrymen, even among those who will vote against him, believe that he will still further shatter all the examples and carry the country on November 8th, 1904.

President Roosevelt has wielded more influence over Congress and the people than has any elected President except Washington and Jackson. Like Jackson, he is his party's platform. His political enemies pay him the tribute of disregarding their own and the Republican platform, and declare that Roosevelt is the issue. His political supporters enthusiastically and unanimously accept battle on this line. He and not his party's platform has been the issue in all the State elections since he became President. He was in an especial degree the issue in the congressional election of 1902—the fateful mid-presidential-term congressional canvass, which is always adverse and often is disastrous to the party in control of the government—and he won a majority of thirty in the House of Representatives, as compared with forty gained under the stimulus of the presidential campaign of 1900. A triumph on this scale in an off-year congressional canvass had not been gained by any other President since parties began to take cohesive shape, in Jackson's days. In a particularly direct and emphatic degree Roosevelt was the issue in the Oregon State and con-

gressional canvass of June, 1904, when the until then unexampled plurality of 13,000 for McKinley in that State in 1900 was increased to a Roosevelt plurality of over 24,000. These things may be said to forecast the result of the voting of November 8th, 1904.

No other President of the past two-thirds of a century has impressed his personality so indelibly and so beneficently on his country's public affairs as has the present executive, except Lincoln. No history of the world could be adequately written for the period between 1901 and 1904 without giving a large place to the deeds and the influence of Theodore Roosevelt.



Fast Auto-boats Race on Inland Waters.

THAT MOTOR boating is rapidly becoming the popular sport on inland waters as well as along the coast was evidenced recently when five thousand persons gathered at Frontenac, N. Y., on private steam yachts and excursion boats to witness the first annual regatta of the Frontenac Motor-boat Racing Association and the most important sporting event which has occurred in the Thousand Islands in years. For days the entire population of that beautiful region had been engaged in conversation about the big regatta, to defray the expenses of which \$2,000 was raised by subscription with but little effort.

When Willis Sharpe Kilmer went to Frontenac from his home in Binghamton, a few weeks ago, he was the owner of the handsome little *Too Easy*, thirty feet long, and equipped with a twenty-five-horse-power Leighton engine. Although he had won the race at Alexandria Bay with her, Mr. Kilmer was not satisfied to be represented by her alone when the Frontenac events, which included a free-for-all, with valuable silver cups as prizes, were advertised. He, therefore, telegraphed to Newport and had the *Vingt-et-Un II* shipped to Frontenac by express, her name being painted over and her general appearance disguised in transit. The identity of the craft was discovered, however, before Mr. Kilmer had the chance to thoroughly enjoy his little joke.

S. H. Vandergrift, the Pittsburg millionaire who occupies Long Rock, opposite Frontenac, every summer, was disappointed in his desire to own a fast boat this summer through the failure of the manufacturer with whom he placed the order to produce a craft up to the requirements. But he kept his eyes open, and when H. S. Leighton appeared with his famous *Adios*, which defeated the *Standard* in New York harbor a year ago, he found a ready market for her. Mr. Vandergrift paid \$10,000 for the *Adios*, which easily won the free-for-all in the Frontenac regatta. A broken water-cooling pipe aboard the *Vingt-et-Un II*, evidently cracked in shipment, prevented her starting in this event.

With the *Vingt-et-Un II* out of the big race, the edge of the general anticipation was broken, as every one knew the *Adios* would be an easy winner. As it was, she went three times around the course of 6½ miles in 57 minutes and 5 seconds, despite the heavy sea, chopped up by the stiff westerly wind. The *Priscilla*, owned by H. A. Richardson, of Dover, Del., was second, 27 seconds behind the *Adios*. The *Pappoose*, the property of Fitz Hunt, of New York, was third, the *Radium* fourth, and the *Too Easy* fifth.

It was in the first race, a handicap for boats of over sixty rating, that the *Vingt-et-Un II*'s pipe burst, after she had crossed the starting-line with a great burst of speed, and had made two laps. Notwithstanding this accident, the fleet craft, after slight repairs, made the second round in but a few seconds more than fifteen minutes. The *Too Easy* won on time allowance; the *Priscilla*, a time-winner, was second; the *Pappoose* third, the *Vingt-et-Un II* fourth. The other race, a handicap for boats under sixty rating, was won by the *Teal*, owned by Captain H. S. Johnston, of Clayton, N. Y. The *Kitten*, owned by Mayor George, was second, and the *Ye-Na-Diz-Ze* third. The *Putsey* and the *Put-Put* did not finish.

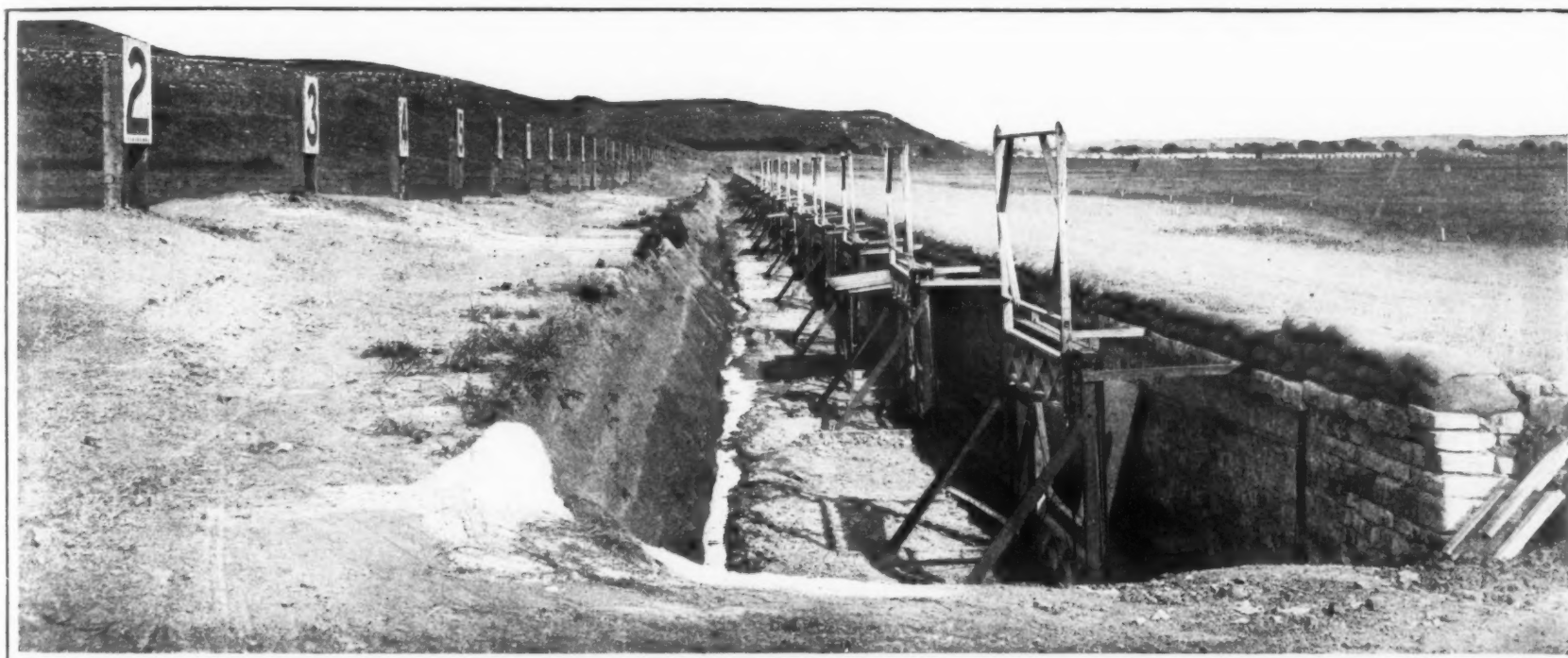
The setting for the races was most brilliant. The warm sun played over the white-capped water and along the glistening brasses of the yachts, whose every color was given to the wind. The crowd was large and appreciative. From the few motor-boats of a year or two ago—they could have been counted upon the fingers of one hand—quite a large fleet has already grown, and as the sport has received a great impetus this season, the number and classes of the boats at the Thousand Islands will be increased another summer. This is likely to result in more frequent and more important speed contests between craft of this description, which fact will, in the minds of lovers of aquatic sports, add another distinct attraction to the delightful Thousand Island region.



TEAM OF THE NEW YORK NATIONAL GUARD WHICH MADE THE BEST SCORE (4,322) IN THE NATIONAL SHOOTING MATCH, AND WON FIRST PRIZE—THE SPECIAL TROPHY—AND \$500 IN CASH.



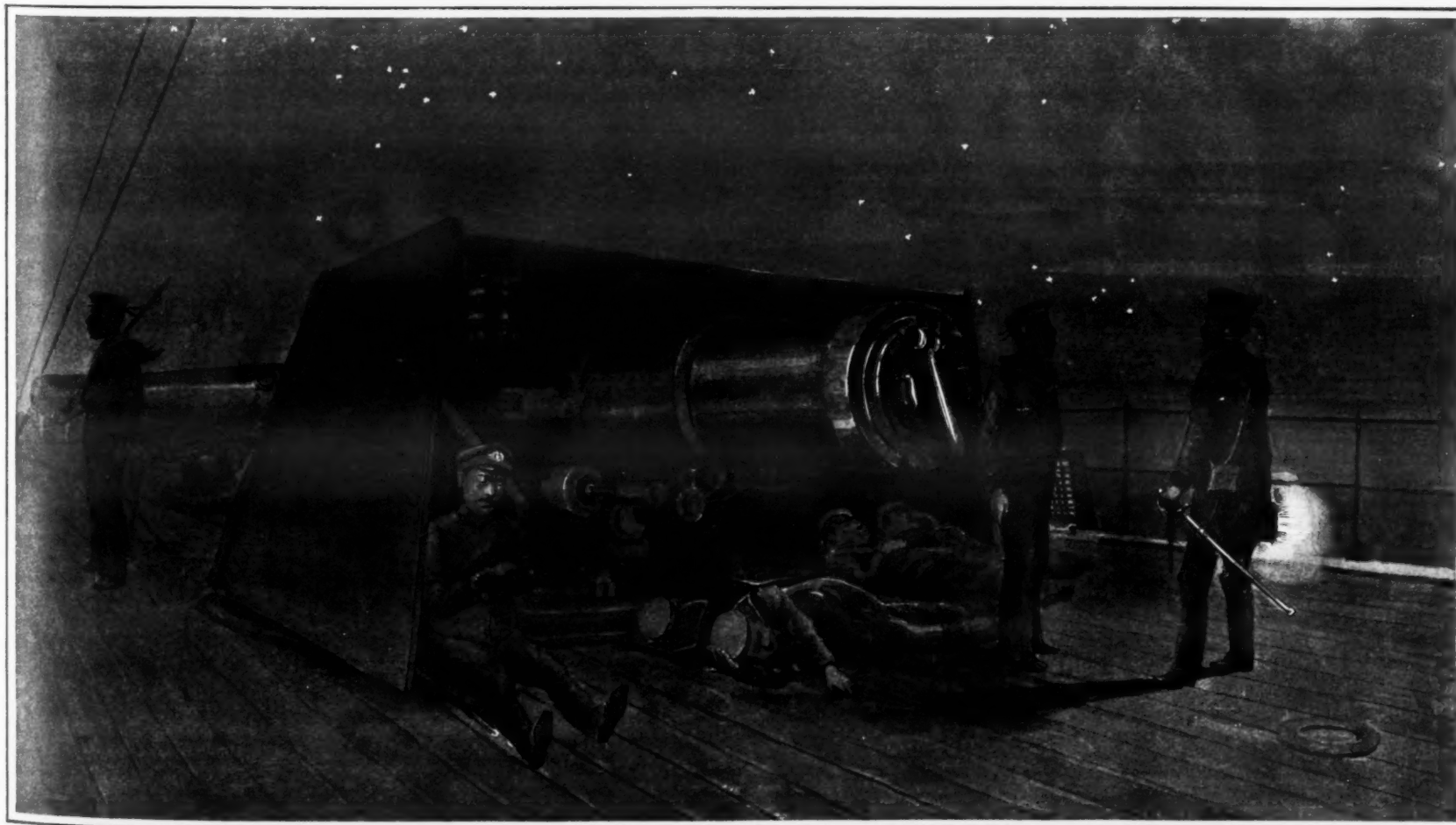
AMERICAN-NAVY TEAM, WHICH TOOK THE SECOND PRIZE—THE HILTON TROPHY (SHOWN IN PICTURE)—AND \$300 IN CASH.



NATIONAL RIFLE-RANGE ON THE GOVERNMENT RESERVATION AT FORT RILEY, KAN., WITH MILITARY CAMP IN BACKGROUND.

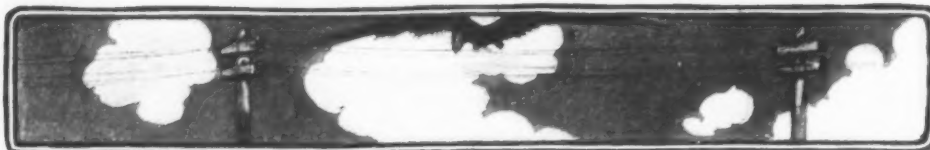
NEW YORK'S SOLDIER MARKSMEN THE BEST IN THE UNION.

ON THE NATIONAL RIFLE-RANGE AT FORT RILEY, KAN., THE EMPIRE STATE GUARDSMEN OUTSHOOT EIGHTEEN OTHER MILITARY TEAMS.—Photographs by J. J. Penuell.



LYING IN WAIT FOR THE BOTTLED-UP RUSSIAN FLEET.

DREARY AND MONOTONOUS NIGHT DUTY ON BOARD A JAPANESE MAN-OF-WAR OFF THE ENTRANCE OF PORT ARTHUR HARBOR.—From a sketch by our special artist, T. Ruddiman Johnston.



"WILDER'S GIRL"

By Bide Dudley

the court man entered the local room; "Wilder, look here!"

A tall, slender young man entered the little room used by the city editor and the copy-reader and leaned against the roll-top desk, awaiting the city editor's pleasure.

"Wilder," began the head of the local department with impatience, dropping a badly blue-penciled piece of copy, "I thought I told you we wanted that story for the 3-o'clock. Here it is 2:25, and you haven't written a line. What's the matter?"

"I was compelled to dodge over to my sister's home a moment," returned the court man. "Had to go. I was going to ask, Mr. Stark, that you permit me to turn these notes over to one of the boys and let him write the story for me. I'd like to get off this afternoon."

"Do you think that's right?" demanded the city editor, turning in his chair and pushing a button for a copy-boy. "Don't you think, now that you have flunked on the 3-o'clock, that you should stay and write the story yourself? Besides, there's nobody else who is on the inside of that grand-jury situation far enough to fix that up as it should be."

"If possible, Mr. Stark," resumed Wilder, "I'd like to get off—"

"I cannot stand for it this time, Wilder," returned the city editor, firmly. "Please go ahead and write that story and hustle it through. We'll catch the 5-o'clock with it. Don't want to be gruff, but you've got to write that story and write it now." And the city editor turned in his chair, indicating that the matter was settled.

Wilder knew that when Mr. Stark said a thing he meant it, and that, if he valued his position, he had best write the story without further argument. As he stepped back into the local room the office-boy said:

"Say, Mister Wilder, there's a lady wants you on the 'phone. She's waitin'."

"Has she got a sweet voice?" came from Scott, the

police man, who paused momentarily in his work to "josh" his fellow-reporter a little.

"You bet yer life she has," returned the office-boy. "She talks like a peach."

Wilder stepped to the telephone and talked for a moment in a low voice. Then he sat down at his typewriter and began his story.

"I always knew Mr. Wilder liked the ladies," came from a blond young woman who "did" society. "But, then, every man should." And the girl resumed her writing, glancing slyly toward Wilder to see if her joke took effect.

Ten minutes passed, during which nobody spoke. Then another ten, broken only by the constant clicking of half a dozen typewriters, went by. At the end of a third ten the telephone rang and the office-boy answered it.

"Same young lady wants you, Mr. Wilder," he announced. "Called you 'Ed,' too."

"Just can't leave him alone," came from the city-hall man. "I wish I had one that liked me as much."

"Wilder has such winning ways," put in the hotel reporter. "He's certainly the ladies' man of this staff."

Wilder talked but a moment in low tones, paying no heed whatever to the gibes of his fellow-reporters. All they heard him say was, "I'll be there just as soon as I can, Nell." Then he resumed his writing, wearing a troubled look.

Hardly twenty minutes had passed when the office-boy announced that some one wanted to speak to Mr. Wilder on the telephone.

"It's the same one," he said, for the benefit of the rest of the staff.

"Great Scott, Wilder, go out and see that girl," came from the police man. "Or, if you can't go, tell me where she is and I'll take your place."

"Wilder has certainly made a hit," grunted the city-hall man. "He ought to marry the girl."

The court reporter hung up the receiver and, stepping into the city editor's little room, said:

"Mr. Stark, I'd like to cut that story a little. I must go to my sister's home; her little girl—"

"Oh, hustle and finish that story, Wilder,"

returned the city editor, who had scarcely heard what the court man had said. "Time will be up in twenty minutes, and we cannot hold the forms. Rush it through."

In almost feverish haste Wilder resumed his writing, turning out sheet after sheet of type-written copy, much of which he destroyed and re-wrote.

"He's hurrying now," said the society reporter. "You fellows don't stand any chance of taking his place with that girl."

"A fellow certainly likes a girl if he gets sore when 'joshed' about her," volunteered the city-hall man.

Ten minutes more and the telephone rang again, and once more the office-boy called Wilder. The announcement that it was "the same girl" brought forth another lot of gibes, to which Wilder paid not the slightest attention. The court man answered the telephone, and, after a short conversation in undertones, hung up the receiver and went back to his work. Three minutes more and he was through. Gathering up his copy, Wilder went into the city editor's room and laid it on his desk. After depositing his story before the editor he handed him another type-written sheet.

"Here's a note for the undertaker cub," he said, laconically. Then, picking up his hat, he left the room.

"Wilder's gone to meet her now, I guess," came from the city-hall man.

"She certainly had a sweet way of talkin'," said the office-boy.

At that juncture the city editor stepped into the local room and picked up a stiff hat from one of the tables. Then, while all stared at him expectantly, he read:

DIED—At 3:25 P. M., this afternoon, Dorothy Sellers, aged four years, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sellers, 433 Tullis Court. Funeral announcement later.

Then he dropped a half-dollar in the hat and started around the room.

"Flowers for the baby," was all he said, but everybody understood.

Delights of the "Shore Dinner"

A DISCRIMINATING English writer recently dwelt on the fact that a new race of American women was developing, which promises much for future generations. He says that in no other country in the world are outdoor sports more popular with girls and young women than in the United States, and that the fact that every one in this country takes a summer vacation, and spends most of the vacation period in the open air, is especially commendable from the hygienic standpoint. One of the most delightful, healthful, and enjoyable American summer fads is the "shore dinner," and it is found in its perfection in one of the most charming and famous summer resorts—the Thousand Islands. Since this resort has been brought into such easy reach of New York City, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Boston, and Chicago by the convenient arrangements of the New York Central its fame has become world-wide. During the height of the summer season the clear, deep waters of the St. Lawrence have been alive with beautiful and costly yachts and the latest and fastest motor-boats, in addition to a vast number of St. Lawrence skiffs in which fishermen enjoy greatest comfort while at their favorite sport. The countless islands, all picturesque, and many of them adorned by expensive summer homes, give the St. Lawrence an atmosphere all its own. The hotels vie with each other in providing creature comforts for their guests, and all sorts of attractions, in addition to receptions, balls, and dancing parties, to charm the evening hours away. Performances by strolling magicians, concerts by visiting singers, tennis and polo tournaments, yachting and sailing contests, all make the life full of keenest activity.

But the greatest attraction of the Thousand Islands to a large majority of its visitors who seek the repose of its cool and vitalizing air, and the rest and recreation of an outdoor life, is found in its famous "shore dinners." It is the custom of all hotels and boarding-houses on the river to provide without extra charge, on request of any of their guests, an uncooked or a cooked luncheon, and it is the custom of the guests to make up picnic parties, either large or small. The guests engage professional oarsmen, who furnish St. Lawrence skiffs with comfortable, cushioned arm-chairs and camp equipments, coffee-pots, kettles, and frying-pans. The oarsman will also provide fishing tackle and bait. He takes the basket lunch in his boat, and one or two of the party who may desire to fish, while the rest of the guests get aboard one of the little launches which can be rented for any part of a day, and all start for the camping-grounds.

The State of New York, with a thoughtfulness that deserves to be commended, has provided what are known as "State reservations," at eligible points, on all the large islands of the St. Lawrence. Pavilions have been erected in which are tables where a "shore dinner" can be served. Camp-stoves have also been provided and docks at which boats, large and small, can land. The owners of many of the islands object to camping parties, and hence the State reservations are very popular, as they are free to all and have abundant room, in many cases sufficient for a dozen picnic parties. The ladies take their fancy work, the

children their toys and playthings, and the fishermen provide the fish and do the cooking for the party. The splendid hard-fleshed perch, bass, and pickerel of the cool St. Lawrence River are served fresh from the water and nothing more delicious can be found at the best restaurants in the world.

Landing shortly after the noon hour, the guide at once proceeds to build the camp-fire, to clean his fish, and try out the bacon fat in which they are to be fried. He puts on a pot of potatoes and a pot of coffee, gets the eggs ready for an omelet, for scrambling or frying, and prepares the chops, or steak, or chicken, or whatever other meats have been sent by the hotel on the requisition of the guests. Pies and cakes, and sometimes watermelons, are served for dessert. No one who has ever eaten a "shore dinner" on the St. Lawrence has complained of a lack of appetite. The fresh, pure, invigorating air, the exercise, the inspiring surroundings, all dispel every burden of care, and give a keenness to the appetite and a relish to the simple food that cannot be appreciated until one has had the enjoyable experience. Best of all, these outings are inexpensive and can be enjoyed by old and young, in a sort of family gathering that gives to the dinner a social flavor which no other function provides.

Let the tired man in the city try a week or two at the Thousand Islands, with a "shore dinner" as often as it can be provided, even if he must take it alone, with only his oarsman as his companion, and he will agree with us that this treatment discounts the best that a physician can give. While most of the hotels close early in September, many boarding-houses, especially on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence, continue open until late in the fall, for the benefit of hunters, as well as fishermen.

A Stomach and Nutrition Specialist

has solved the problem of greatest importance in the field of medical research. The New Philosophy of Stomach and Nervous Troubles is a complete explanation of the causes, phenomena, and development of these distressing ailments, and reveals conditions hitherto unrecognized which have produced so much ill-health. It also shows that by treating the original underlying causes then all symptoms of indigestion, nervousness, headaches, or malnutrition disappear, and patients at any distance secure such results. Send six cents postage for thirty-two-page booklet, blanks, and list of references. A. H. Swinburne, M.D., 302 St. Clair Building, Marietta, Ohio.

The Old River

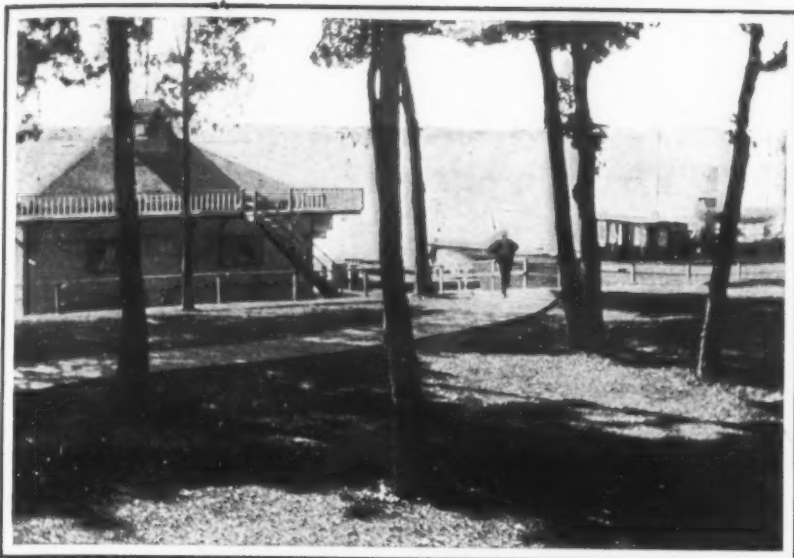
WHEN night drops down over field and town,
At the end of the weary day,
I sit and dream of a rippling stream—
Ah, many a mile away.
I sit and dream of a rippling stream,
Of the ebb and the quiet flow;
Of the reeds in ranks by the wave-washed banks
And lilies that bud and blow.

FROM her mud-built nest in a cranny pressed
The swallow swoops to the tide;
A swerve—a dart—and with joyous heart
She shakes the spray from her side.
The red sun shines through the needled pines,
And lo! on the watery floor,
A path of red for a fairy's tread
Lies stretched to the farther shore.

THE swimmers cry as they climb on high
To the rock of the silver sands,
Till, one by one, in the setting sun,
They poise with their outstretched hands.
They poise—they leap from the rocky steep
Where the evening air blows cool,
And the bodies flash as the brown arms splash
In the depths of the quiet pool.

THOUGH, now, mayhap, in the river's lap
There grow but the waving reeds,
And the water's flow through the hills, I know,
Is lost in the tangled weeds;
Yet, when night drops down over field and town,
At the end of the weary day,
I dream and dream of the rippling stream—
Ah, years upon years away.

HORATIO WINSLOW.



POINT OF DEPARTURE FOR THE SHORE DINNER—THE LANDING OF THE MURRAY HILL HOTEL.



ARRIVAL AT THE STATE RESERVATION, GRINDSTONE ISLAND.



CAPTAIN BURTON, THE VETERAN OARSMAN, STARTS THE CAMP FIRE.



A CONSULTATION—"TOO MANY COOKS SPOIL THE BROTH."



DESSERT AT THE STATE RESERVATION PAVILION—TABLE SPREAD INSIDE.



ONE OF THE TWO NEAT PUBLIC PAVILIONS ON GRINDSTONE ISLAND.



CONTENTED SHORE-DINNER PARTY FROM PHILADELPHIA ON THE STEPS OF THE STATE PAVILION.



CAPTAIN FOLGER, OF THE FAMOUS FOLGER FLEET, WHO HAS DONE MUCH TO POPULARIZE THE SHORE DINNER.

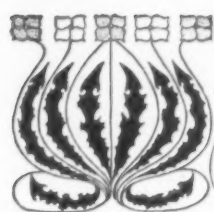


THE RETURN—GETTING READY FOR THE DEPARTURE IN THE LAUNCH.

A SHORE DINNER AT THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

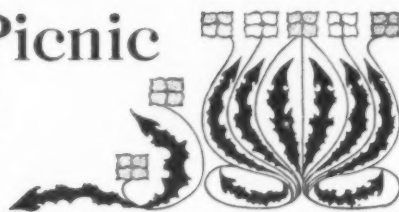
ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR AND ENJOYABLE OUT-DOOR FADS OF A FAMOUS SUMMER RESORT.

Photographs by Mary Murray. See opposite page.



An American Woman Has a Picnic Day in the Heart of Japan

By Eleanor Franklin, special correspondent for Leslie's Weekly



KIOTO, JAPAN, July 30th, 1904.

"FIRST IMPRESSIONS are quite certain to emphasize the peculiar characteristics of a place or a people, and in the case of Japan a first and lasting impression is that of minuteness," says Mr. Ernest W. Clement, and I think the same thing has been said in some way by everybody who has ever traveled in this country. To begin with, the empire itself is small, and its inhabitants are small in every sense of this very expressive word. The houses are so small that an ordinary American always feels as if he were going to do some damage by entering one of them. Everything the Japanese use is small. The vehicles are wee little hansom cabs pulled by little men. The stores are all small—oh, so small! Indeed, I think the entire first-class commercial part of almost any big city in Japan could be comfortably quartered in one of our big New York or Chicago department stores. Their gardens are small, and they dwarf the very trees and shrubs to add to the air of diminutiveness. Their furniture—all the furniture with which they burden themselves—is small. A wee bit of a dresser that would delight any little girl in America as a doll's dresser is used by all the ladies in Japan for the very serious toilet operations which result in such remarkable chignons. All the dishes they use are small, and they serve the tiniest portions of everything. They smoke Lilliputian pipes in which they put extraordinarily finely-cut tobacco.

In short, Japan is a small country—too small for its small people with their overgrown ideas. Diminutive as it is, they have always called their country *Dai Nippon*—"Great Japan." And they really believe it is so. They believe in themselves absolutely, and self-confidence is half the battle, you know. I wonder if this individual egotism doesn't explain a few remarkable things. But this is not what I started to write at all. I was thinking about the great hills lying round about this ancient capital of the Mikados, and wondering if Japan didn't get her grandiose name from people who dwelt among them. To them she must indeed have been *Dai Nippon*.

One day, a few weeks ago, some friends of mine, off a ship just in from the voyage across the Pacific, came up from Kobe to get a glimpse of the ancient capital and have an outing in the green summer world. "Oh, what is so rare as a day in June!" recurred to my mind every beautiful hour those sunny days, when the long shadows of the hills lay softly across the valleys, mottled with wee emerald rice-fields and patches of golden grain. My friends wanted at first just to stand on the hotel piazza, away up on the hillside among the temple roofs, and gaze across the gray town and the wide green valley to the opposite hills lifting their heads into the restless white clouds. But there were better things than that to do, Takiga assured us, true to his character of licensed guide. We would see some famous temples to-day, and start early in the morning for a picnic-day in the valley of the Katsuragawa, and have luncheon at the foot of "heaven kissing" Arashiyama. That certainly sounded interesting, and "early in the morning" we had breakfast all together, and came out into the court-yard, where our vehicles were waiting to take us to the station two miles or more away. Now, those vehicles were most interesting. One of them was the city's chariot of state, the only carriage with four wheels within the limits of this great town. It was brought out for the captain's benefit—not because the captain was the guest of honor, which was a tacitly conceded fact, but because he is built on a plan to be more comfortable in an "ocean greyhound" than in a two-by-four Japanese jinrikisha. He had been reading "Billy Baxter," and he called it his "deep sea-going cab," which wasn't a bit of a bad name for it. I declined the honor of riding in it because I was experienced, and rode comfortably along behind in a 'riksha, where I could see all the fun. This carriage is a terror on the streets of Kioto. The people flee before it as from the wrath to come. And who can wonder? The streets are not wide enough anywhere for two like it to pass each other, and many of them are just wide enough to admit the one.

Of course I am thinking only of the streets through which we drove. There are many streets in most Japanese cities not wide enough for even a 'riksha; so of course this great, cumbersome carriage with two big, heavy horses is a spectacle. There were two men on the box, the driver acting exactly as the man does who drives the eight milk-white horses to the golden bandwagon in the circus parade. He had just all he could do. Behind, standing up on the gear in some way peculiarly his own, was a boy who, from the moment they left the hotel, kept shrieking at the top of his healthy lungs, "Ah, yai!" drawing out the "Yah-ee-ee-ee!" to excruciating lengths. At nearly every corner he would jump down and run like a young deer ahead of the horses, the whole town echoing with his deafening "Ah, yai!" Well, we certainly were a circus parade, and I felt like shrieking "Ah, yai!" myself. And oh, what a noise that big carriage did make! Everybody came running to the little windows and out to the doors. Mothers grabbed their children

off the street by the clothes, the hair—anything they could get hold of quickly, and everybody scattered from in front of us like scared chickens. I dare say we were roundly cursed for "European devils." Well, I sympathized with the little people in their wee bits of streets and was glad when we drew up to the station, even if our mighty flourish did bring everybody running to see what we were.

When the captain got out of the carriage everybody laughed. The Japanese are so frank about everything of that sort, and, anyway, I don't suppose they thought such a great big man could have any feelings. He was as interesting to them as the giant in the museum is to ordinary folks. We got into a first-class railway carriage, where a couple of Japanese gentlemen were sitting on their feet up on the seats, and the little train started with a great deal more "fuss" than it takes to start a first-class American express train on a run half-way across the continent. As soon as we were under way through the widespread, single-storied gray wooden town I opened my "Murray" to see if he had anything to say about Arashiyama and Katsuragawa Rapids. Murray is the Baedeker of Japan, and he has caught the true guide-book spirit, telling everything in that unsatisfactory, vague sort of way which makes one feel sure that everything would be enormously interesting if one only had the wit to discover how and why. Pretty soon we began to run slowly through tea-fields full of laborers in wide white mushroom hats, and over rice marshes full of frogs and odors, across bridges spanning swift little streams which in Japan always run so noisily over clean pebbly bottoms.

The Katsuragawa is a mad little river, running down out of the hills west of Kioto in foaming rapids. As we came up out of the rice swamps and began to ascend the mountain, the scene which greeted our eyes brought us all to our feet with astonished delight. Of course it is indescribable. Merely hills, billowing green hills, stretching up and away to the golden sunrise, and dipping down to the white, foaming water in the gorge below. On up and up we went, until finally we began to creep along the side of the mountain on a track built upon masonry. We were going to a little village away up in the hills, to shoot the rapids in native canoes back down to Arashiyama, and the farther we traveled up the raging stream the surer was I that we wouldn't dare do it. The summer rains had been falling up in the mountains and all the rivers were swollen, but Takiga assured us it would be all right. Away down, down, down, through the greenery on the hillside, we saw lumber rafts being taken down the stream by boys, who balanced themselves upon them and guided them with long bamboo poles away from the rocks. Every minute a wreck seemed imminent, but just as we expected to see the boy dashed to death upon a rock he would gracefully and unconcernedly thrust his long pole into the water, the raft would swerve to one side, and dash down between the boulders. I suppose this is the way any kind of rapids in any country are navigated, and up in the hills of Washington or Oregon it would not have surprised me, nor more than caught a passing notice, where nature is so prodigal in wild beauty. But here in little Japan it seemed so superbly wide and free that I thought for the time being that I had never seen anything like it, nor had I—in Japan.

When we reached Sonobe, the little hamlet where our boats were waiting for us in the shadow of a huge pine-tree which dipped down over the river, it was late in the morning. Our vestibule limited had managed to make about thirty miles in three hours and a half, which gave us plenty of time to admire the beautiful scenery when it wasn't cut off by interminable tunnels, through at least eight of which, I think, we passed. The railroads in Japan, or most of them, must have been built at an enormous expense, because I don't think any of them ever go around a hill—they always cut through it—and since Japan is mostly hills, the railroads often impress one as being mostly tunnels. It took us only an hour and a half to shoot back down the river in our shapeless little pine boats, which "shipped so many seas," as the captain said, that we all got our feet wet, and we landed at the foot of beautiful Arashiyama, hungry and happy—happy in the knowledge that we had enjoyed a Japanese sport just as the Japanese enjoy it in the spring, when the hills are covered with cherry blossoms. I know to many this will seem a wild statement.

In America we have our own cherry blossoms only in cultivated orchards, where they are admired more for what they promise than for what they are, but in Japan it is different. Here the cherry-trees are purely ornamental, and they bear no fruit. They are planted everywhere and grow wild where they are not planted. The hills, covered with the deep green of the pines, are mottled everywhere with the lighter green of the cherry leaves, and in the spring-time Japan is indeed the land of the cherry blossom. All along the Katsuragawa (gawa is Japanese for river) there are beautiful little houses which the people rent and live in just during the cherry season, and they must be happy indeed under the serene blue sky, where the noise of the swift little river murmuring over its rocky bed is the only

sound to break the sweet silence. To the foot of Arashiyama, where we stopped, the people came by thousands from Kioto and surrounding villages to drink tea in the little white tea-houses nestling in the leafage, and to worship the beautiful flower that is to them the best expression of their national life.

The "chariot" had come out from the city with a couple of 'rikshas to convey us, after luncheon, back to the hotel, and I am sending along a photograph of a crowd of babies to whom it—the chariot—was a new, a fearful, and a wonderful thing. They had not entirely recovered from their astonishment when we got them lined up for their photographs; but, just the same, true to Japanese instinct, most of them have their eyes upon the man who is holding the bright ten-sen pieces which they know they are going to get. On the way back to Kioto we passed through miles of beautiful and interesting country, where the people still live in a most primitive state, cultivating rice and tea and worshiping Shaka Muni in the beauty of nakedness and ignorance. We passed through villages where the fragrant tea was spread out in the streets to dry, and we ran through it unconcernedly, scattering it about like chaff and scaring away a lot of chickens and pigeons and geese. I wondered who would drink the fragrant brew made from those particular leaves. Possibly I, myself. It all goes together to the great refining and shipping places at Osaka and Kobe, and thence to all parts of the world. The tea is no less delicious, I suppose, because of having been scratched around by a lot of pigeons and chickens for a couple of weeks. This was a day which could not be repeated successfully because its charm lay in its novelty; but as it was, it must be remembered with delight and blessed for the hours of simple happiness it gave into our lives.

Ancient Tayles.

YE OLDE DOGGE.



ONCE upon a tyme there lived an Olde Dogge who satte oute on ye streete corner & gave advice.

Yea, itte was soe thatte no other Dogge could pass thatte way without carrying away with hymme a large hunk of valuable advice. Ye Olde Dogge charged naught for itte, butte was immeasurably gladde to be able to give itte gratis, God wot.

Ye Olde Dogge hymself grew ragged & seedie. There were ratnests inne hys hayre & burrs inne hys tayle; yet he wist notte of these thynges. He was so busie giving advice.

Ye fleas roved over hys mangy hyde, but he was too busie even to scratch. Foxes sneaked into ye back yard & stole alle ye poultry, butte ye Olde Dogge knew naught of itte. He was notte a fox-hound. He was a chronic giver of advice.

Whenne other dogges were hard atte work burying bones thys Olde Dogge would have some other dogge cornered, handing out a wealth of advice regarding ye care of hys coat and How to Succeed. He knew itte alle—from ye bottom round of ye ladder of success plumb to ye top thereof—yette never hadde he climbed ye sedde ladder.

He was a dogge of theories. He wist notte thatte a theory thatte hath been proved is whatte menne love. Hys theories might be wrong—but they were good theories, anyway.

Now itte came to pass thatte ye Olde Dogge began to wake uppe. He saw alle ye other dogges sleek & prosperous. They were fatte & they hadde one & alle manie bones buried out in ye back yard agaynst ye rainie day.

Butte ye Olde Dogge hadde naught save ye rheumatism & a board bille. He had lost hys voice giving advice; butte ye dogges who hadde listened to hys advice alle ye yeares now passed hymme by, saying,

"What a bore Old Towser is, to be sure!"

Thenne ye Olde Dogge crawled under ye house to die, saying,

"Behold! Alle my life have I been busie giving advice—whenne, marry and alack! I hadde notte sense enough to take care of mine own prosperitie!" and he died.

And thys is ye lesson we gather from ye life and death of ye Olde Dogge:

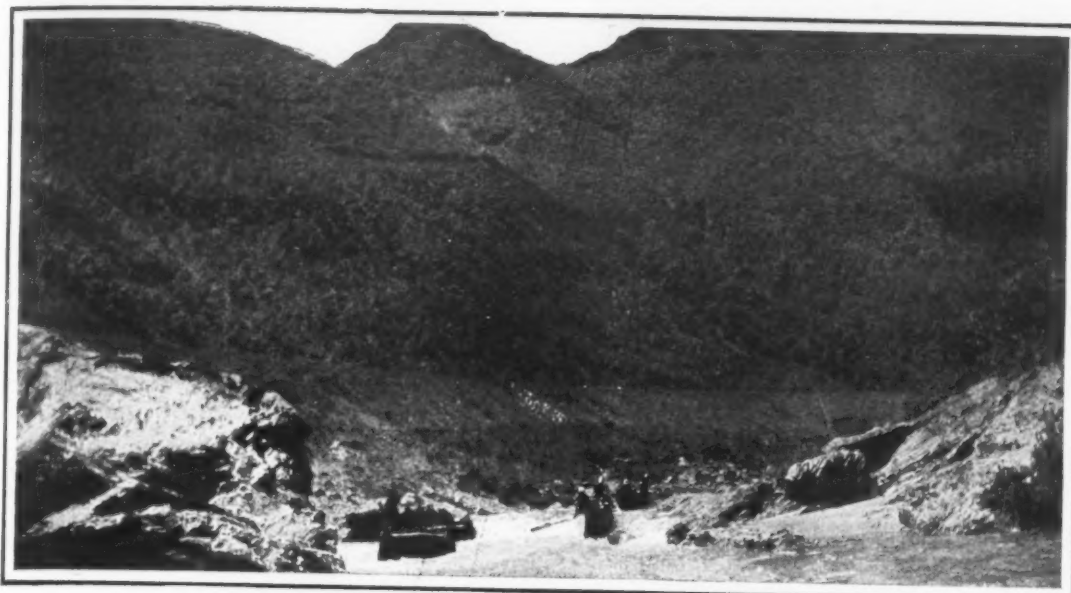
First Wizzle: If thy advice be good—take itte thyself. If itte be badde—keep itte to thyself.

Second Gurgle: Lette everie manne take care of hymself—and ye world will be comfortable.

Third Sneeze: Ere thou give advice be sure itte is goode. Ere thou take itte—be twice sure.

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

STRONG and better men and women are those who use Abbott's Angostura Bitters. At druggists'.



THE RAILROAD CREEPS ALONG THE STEEP HILLSIDE AND BESIDE THE RIVER FOR MILES.



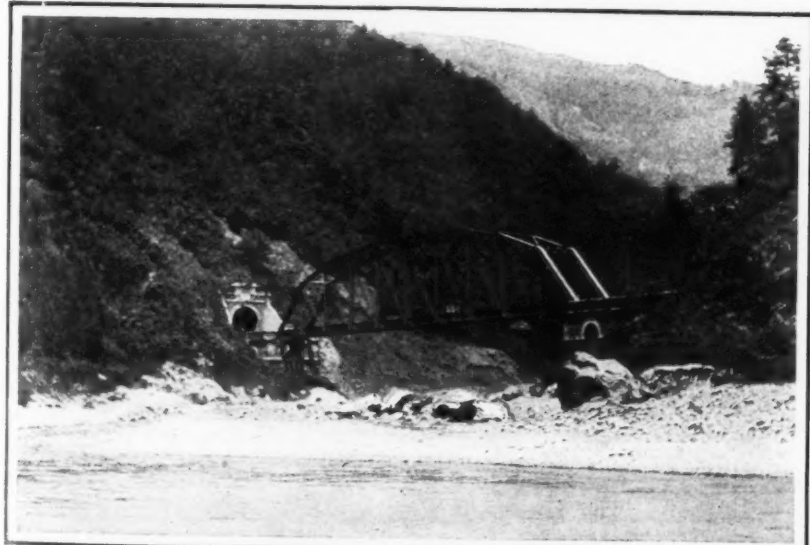
ALMOST A COLLISION BETWEEN A LONG LUMBER RAFT AND A PLEASURE BOAT.



YOUNG JAPANESE RUSTICS POSING FOR THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE FIRST TIME.



WOMEN IN THE TEA-FIELDS GATHERING THE FRAGRANT LEAVES.



FROM TUNNEL TO TUNNEL ACROSS THE SWIFT RUSHING KATSURAGAWA ON THE TOKAIDO RAILROAD.



LUMBER RAFT ON THE KATSURAGAWA SHOOTING THROUGH A NARROW PASSAGE BETWEEN THE ROCKS.



FLEXIBLE PINE BOAT LEAPING OVER A ROCK IN THE RAPIDS.



MANY TEA-HOUSES NESTLING AMONG CHERRY-TREES AT THE FOOT OF ARASHIYAMA.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE AND NATURE IN INNER JAPAN.

PICTURESQUE SCENES ALONG THE KATSURAGAWA WHICH CHARMED A TRAVELER BY RAIL AND BOAT.

Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by Eleanor Franklin. See opposite page.



An Eye-witness of the War in the East Tells How Russians Retreat without Reason

(Special correspondence of Leslie's Weekly)

ON THE MANCHURIAN DIVIDE,
July 4th, 1904.

WHY THE Russians—a brigade strong in front of the left column and a division in number before the central column of the First Army—should have retreated, the last of June, without firing a shot, from the tremendously strong natural positions before Motien-ling (pass), and from the divide which separates the waters of the Yalu basin from those of the Liao-tung Peninsula, is difficult of explanation

at the present time. They are gone, however, and only two little rear-guard skirmishes have been fought, and consequently the First Army controls the great divide, eagerly awaiting the news of a big battle at Kai-ping between several divisions of Japanese belonging to the Second Army, with the possible assistance of the Third Army, on the one side, and Kuropatkin's sixty-five thousand men and over two hundred field-pieces, on the other. This battle should, in a few days, determine the movements of this army, now safely perched in the high country, but rather anxious that the threatening rainy season may not descend immediately and make further action difficult for at least a month.

When the order came, on the evening of June 25th, that we should move forward at 6:30 the next morning, it was received with a feeling of relief that the trying hour of five had not again been chosen. We were told that we should move to Kwa-ko-ho-shi, a twelve-mile march, and it was intimated that a fight might take place near that town, as the Russians had at least a battalion there, holding good positions. The two foreign correspondents, John F. Bass and the writer, got a late start, but, once on the move, pushed vigorously ahead to overtake General Hasegawa and his guard. Instructions had been given the fat Chinese cook that he and a baby pack-mule, weighted down with provisions, bedding, and a small tent, must keep up with the column. The cook obeyed these instructions literally, to our great dismay and embarrassment, as will later appear. General Hasegawa and his staff had made a halt under an overspreading walnut-tree, and the military *attachés* were dismounted, at a respectful distance to the left, in the open field. Failing to discover the presence of the general, we bolted into his immediate vicinity, mounted, respectively, upon a Korean pony and a Chinese mule. The writer stiffly saluted and kept on, receiving a dignified salute in return. Mr. Bass—less rattled and more familiar with Japanese etiquette—dismounted, saluted, and went ahead on foot. We were now in advance of the general (a position which, by the way, one wants to secure by a wide detour, it being exceedingly bad form to pass in advance of a ranking general on the highway, at elbow contact, as it were).

While we conferred with bated breath two hundred yards away, wondering if we had not "ditched" ourselves, our fat Chinaman came riding into the general's camp astride of a small, white Korean pony saddled with a gunny-sack. His face was wreathed with smiles, and his felt-shod feet swung to and fro at the ends of his long, blue-incased legs, with the rhythm of opposing pendulums, while his pendent black-haired queue, with its terminating silken tassel, swung ceaselessly at right-angles to his legs. Behind him came a dirty Korean—his state of uncleanness may be imagined when it is said that he has not, to my knowledge, disengaged himself from his once white cotton clothes for over a month. The Korean led the pack-mule by a string. John Chinaman, followed by the Korean and the mule, made the circuit of the general's camp once, craning his neck in search of his correspondent masters. With quivering nerves and a hysterical desire to laugh, we watched him essay a second journey about this group of staff officers, who, in common with all Japanese army officers, are great sticklers for the respectful and almost obsequious observance of all conventional forms prescribed in approaching every person of high rank or his followers. In the good old Samurai days John's exploit would probably have cost him his head.

We stared disgrace in the face, but the worst was not yet; the mule braced his slender legs apart and burst forth into a bray whose strength and volume far exceeded those of a steam siren in a fog, and which set his pack into undulations like those of a small boat caught in a raging surf. John was officially requested to remove his procession, which he finally did, to a position behind the foreign *attachés*, and we hid in the underbrush. That Chinaman, riding ahead with all the haughty assumption of a mandarin, followed by his humble retainers, the Korean and the pack-donkey, nearly wrecked us, but after we got through explaining to him, that evening, in several different languages and with as many interpreters, we were satisfied that he realized he was to take to the nearest brush when the general commanding came into view.

General Hasegawa selected an open valley, after his forces began to come up, and here he changed the position of two regiments, halting the advance guard

and permitting the rear guard to march past and take up the position of the advance. While this halt was not made with the view of making a parade, it possessed all the elements of a formal show. The general in the advance, sustained by a deployed staff and followed by the *attachés*, occupied the right. The cavalry guard held a position on the left advance, and behind them the battalion came forward in company front, presented arms as they halted, and stood at rest. Behind the *attachés* were lined up the non-commissioned officers, who represent every branch of the service, and still back of them was quite a corps of interpreters. After a complete assembling of the entire staff and guard the general dismounted, and at that signal all the other officers were at liberty to dismount, and the guard stacked arms. We waited for the general to pass, when the forward began again, and photographed and saluted him as he passed by. Captain Saigo gently informed us that we "might" ride with the military *attachés*, which may have meant in Japanese that we must ride in that position, and not again come so prominently into evidence.

At 8.30 A. M., as we neared a river and a village beyond, ripping, grumbling volleys of Russian small arms broke loose in our front, fully a mile and a half away. A hasty consultation was held by the correspondents as to ways and means of getting to the firing-line without being rebuffed or turned back. It looked easy enough to duck to the left, when the village was reached, and ride around its outskirts on the gallop as the general moved slowly down the main street, but as we lagged in mid-stream, on the pretense of giving our horses a drink, the English interpreter of the staff dropped back to keep an eye on us and engage us in conversation. The general came to a halt on the edge of town, near a fine cluster of trees and in plain sight. The writer, with open camera in hand, and dismounted, backed away into the plowed fields, ostensibly to photograph, and succeeded in reaching the screening stone wall of a garden and then bolted down the crooked lane before him. The other correspondent, talking volubly to the interpreter, climbed the hills to the right to catch a view of the fight, and, once on the crest, dropped quietly down the reverse side and made a run for the front.

It was a fine little skirmish. The Russians were holding what appeared to be a very strong natural position to the right and left on opposite sides of the mountain valley, which commanded an unobstructed view of the wide-open approach of level plowed fields for two thousand yards. The valley through which the Japanese must advance was half a mile wide and led up to the Russians' positions, which were behind the junction of two mountain streams leading in diverging and hill-screened directions to the right and left, thus offering the enemy safe lines of retreat, of which they took advantage later on. As soon as the Japanese cavalry scouts had developed the positions held by the Russians, part of the Ninth Infantry company was thrown in on the hills to the left, where they had a direct fire upon the Russian trench on the high hillside, and an oblique and downward fire upon the ridge to the right, in which position the Russian infantry lay upon their stomachs without a particle of protection in the shape of an earthwork. Almost simultaneously a small Japanese patrol was sent on to the right hills, where they secured an overlooking ridge within easy range of the Russian infantry. Three lines of Japanese skirmishers were sent down the centre of the valley. The Twelfth Company of the Third Regiment widely deployed across the valley in a single line; behind them, at a two-hundred-yard interval, came the Eleventh Company in the same order, and still farther back came what remained of the Ninth Company.

The three-deployed-line advance, moving synchronously as seen before Kwa-ko-ho-shi, was not, in any sense, a fair test of its efficiency, and it may be said that by the time the first line reached the screening stone walls of the village in the valley, at the foot of the Russian infantry position, the volley firing ceased and a general retreat was made by the enemy. The one squadron—or, more probably, two troops—of Cossack cavalry, which held the trench on the hillside on the Japanese left, scuttled away up a short valley to the left and disappeared over the near-by divide, while the three companies of infantry simply dropped down the reverse slope of their hill and retired in the valley to the right, where they were perfectly screened. The fight lasted only an hour and a half, from 8:30 to 10 o'clock. The Russians left four dead on the field, and the Japanese sustained a loss of three men, so slightly wounded that they refused to go to the hospital. The Japanese soldier refuses even to acknowledge what would ordinarily be considered a severe wound in other armies if he thinks the medical man will insist on his going to the hospital.

The town of Kwa-ko-ho-shi was frightfully dirty, with great mud holes in the side streets, and millions of pestering flies, which swarmed over the refuse and over every human being who came within their "sphere of influence." Just behind the town the Russians had erected the first barracks we have so far seen. There were seventeen buildings in all, including the officers' sleeping and mess quarters, and, as about forty men

could find sleeping accommodation in each building, and they all seemed to have been well used, there were probably some six hundred soldiers stationed at this point. The walls of the barrack buildings were made of interlaced boughs of trees, with the leaves left on, and the roofs were thatched with boughs first and a covering of Chinese cornstalks, which turn the rain fairly well when carefully laid on. The buildings were open at each end, and, at the sides, two door-openings appeared, built in the style of a dormer window.

They were really mere shacks, with the side walls rising two feet six inches from the ground, and, tucked away close in toward the eaves, the soldiers had slept with their feet extending toward the centre of the building, separated from the bare ground by closely-piled cornstalks. On each side of the centre row of roof-poles of this low, dark hovel a ditch, or pathway, a foot deep had been dug, which thus supplied a sort of bench at the foot of the ground-level bunks, and permitted the soldiers to sit with their legs bent into the path, if they felt so disposed. These buildings were anything but inviting as living quarters, and possessed the single advantage, in their darkness, of being fairly cool at this season, when the sun pours downward each clear day with ever-increasing heat. Some of the individual cook-fires in the barracks were still alight, and beef-bones, with pieces of meat still clinging to them, indicated that the Russians had been called out to fight before breakfast was fairly over. However, in spite of their hurry, they had left nothing behind beyond a heavy Chinese cart or two, and had even taken the great earthen cooking pots from their main kitchen.

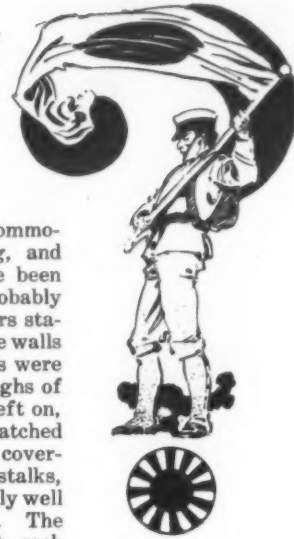
On the hill above the barracks—evacuated by the Russians less than an hour before—the Twelfth Company of Imperial Guards—the one which had led the advance—was busily engaged in digging a trench with the small spades and spoon and pick-hammers carried in the soldier's kit. A right good trench they built, too, in less than three-quarters of an hour, three feet deep and nearly as many broad, and the fresh earth was covered with green boughs to conceal it. One marveled that the Russians should have spent so much time in building barracks, yet had had no time to devote to securing a little cover from rifle-fire for themselves. It is true that they did build one trench (which would hold about fifty men) on the other side of the valley, but this was apparently only done from necessity, because the position was on a steep hillside, and, though two hours' work on the part of the infantry would have given them perfect cover in case of attack from the front, when the time came they were forced to fight for ninety minutes on an exposed hill-top, lying on their stomachs.

The scouts pushed on past Kwa-ko-ho-shi, and the guards rested from their exertions of the morning under the village trees and in the shade of the willows along the banks of the streams. The scouts again made contact with the enemy two miles away, over a small divide, and fell back again to report. A little Japanese lieutenant kindly took us up the five-hundred-foot hill which separated us from the enemy, and nearly prostrated us with the energy he displayed in speeding up the steep slopes. The staying qualities and tireless quickness with which the Japanese soldier goes forward, or climbs hills where an ordinary mortal would require a set of tree-climbers, is a constant surprise, and calls forth much admiration. The writer saw ten men climb a frightfully steep hill—at least six hundred feet high—with all their marching equipment on their backs, and not once in the ascent did they stop to sit down or to rest. The sun was broiling hot, and I venture to say that, under the same conditions, no other troops on earth could have sustained the same exertion for the same length of time without collapsing; and yet these little fighting chaps live mainly on rice!

When we reached the crest of the hill, panting and with the water running in streams from our faces, we were asked not to show ourselves on the sky-line, but to bend down and peep over from behind the bushes. Though a dozen sentries were posted along the ridge, all gazing through glasses at the enemy in the next Chinese village below, we saw not one of them except the man who accompanied us. On a hill, within easy rifle range, a Russian sentry stood forth boldly, and his half-hidden dry shelter-house was just visible over the top of the hill. Before this war is over the Russians may learn to use some of the clever schemes for concealment practiced by the Japanese. The Russians were moving behind the village, and we could not determine their probable strength, though the Japanese officers claimed they were two thousand strong.

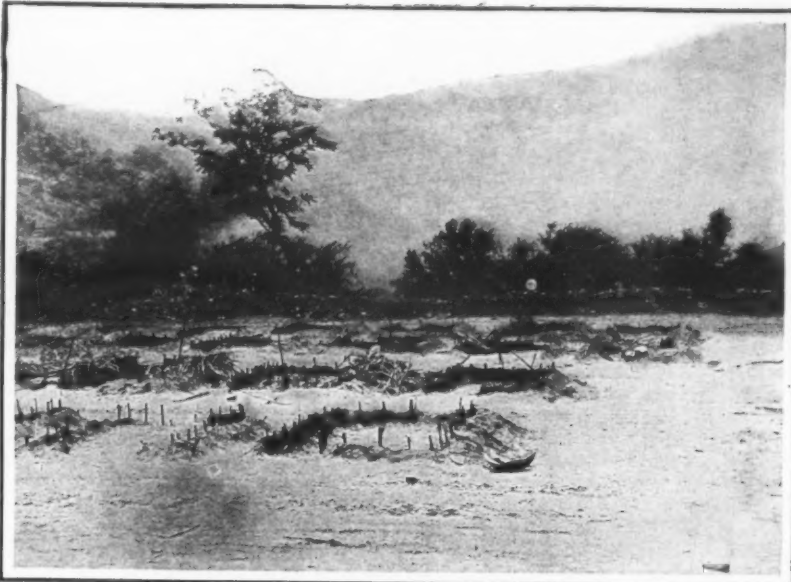
General Hasegawa remained back at the second village from Kwa-ko-ho-shi on the 27th of June, and no forward movement was made. During the day re-

Continued on page 253

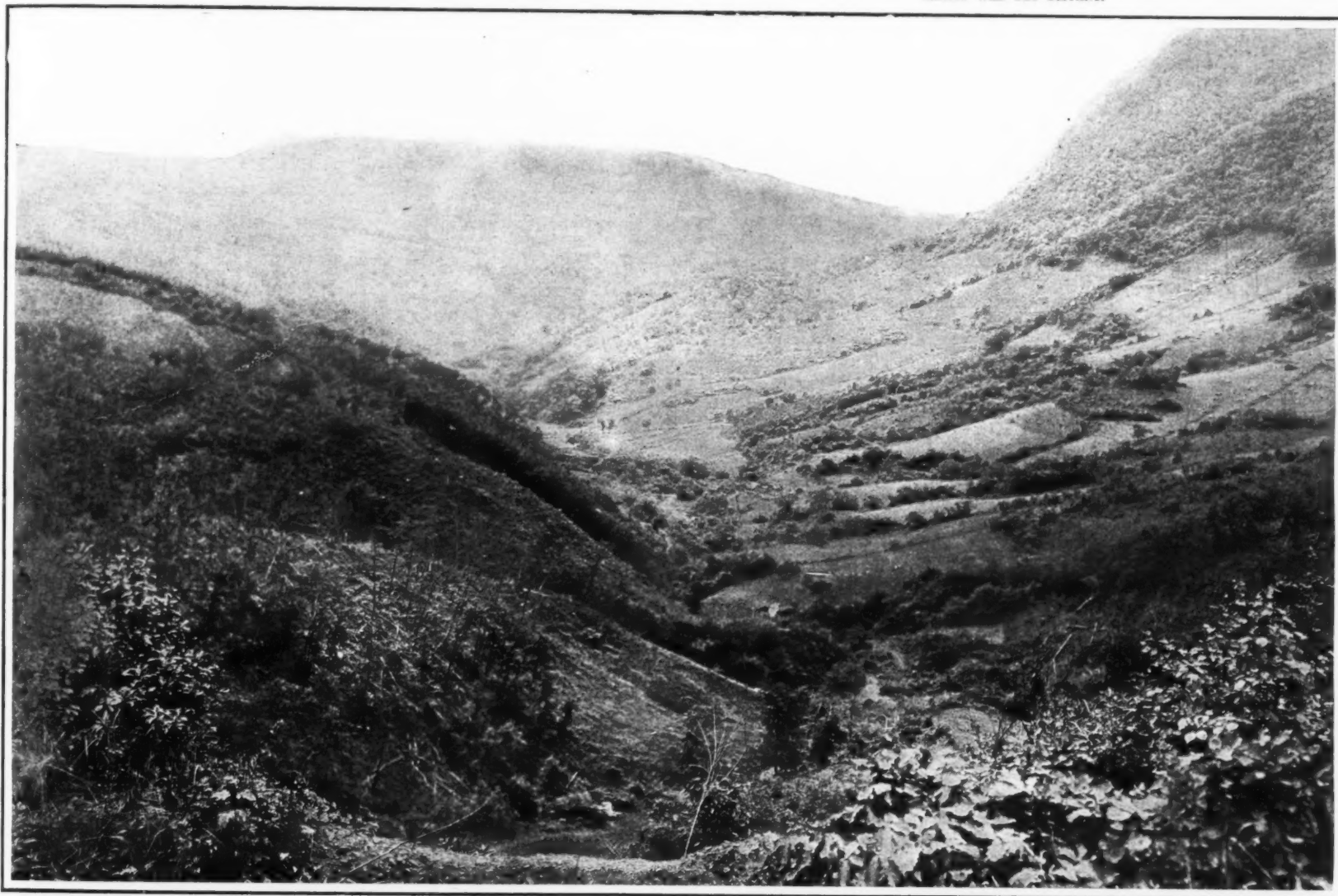




CURIOUS BARRACKS OF THE RUSSIAN TROOPS AT THE VILLAGE OF KWA-KO-HO-SHI, MANCHURIA, CAPTURED AFTER A SKIRMISH BY THE JAPANESE.



RUSSIAN CAMP NEAR THE MANCHURIAN DIVIDE, HASTILY ABANDONED WHILE THE ENEMY WAS YET DISTANT.



VIEW FROM THE STRONG RUSSIAN POSITION NEAR THE MANCHURIAN DIVIDE, WHICH WAS MYSTERIOUSLY EVACUATED WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT—THE RUSSIAN GUNS COMPLETELY COVERED THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH THE JAPANESE ADVANCED.



TYPICAL JAPANESE THREE-OVEN ARMY KITCHEN, WHICH SUPPLIES 100 MEN WITH COOKED RICE EACH DAY ON THE MARCH IN MANCHURIA.



PRINCE KITASHIRAKAMA, Of the Japanese imperial family, at the front with the left wing of the First Army.



JAPANESE SOLDIERS, AFTER A FIGHT WITH THE MUSCOVITES, DIGGING INTRENCHMENTS WITH THE TOOLS CARRIED IN THEIR KITS.

TRIUMPHANT PROGRESS OF THE JAPANESE IN MANCHURIA.

ALMOST IMPREGNABLE POSITION WEAKLY ABANDONED BY THE RUSSIANS, AND SCENES ALONG THE LINE OF THE JAPANESE ADVANCE.



Observations .. of .. a .. Housewife



IS IT VULGAR to do one's own housework? Is there anything really humiliating in having a friend or neighbor know that one understands the art of making good bread or pastry, or that she can serve a delicious juicy

steak, broiled to a turn? Is there any reason why a housewife should stand in awe of critics whose abstract personalities she will never know?

Many women make the mistake of thinking that all departments of housework are degrading. American women who have been individualized by money or society are especially prone to indifference about doing any kind of work at their homes. It is regretted that the prevailing tendency among such women is toward total abstinence from work. There must be one or more maids in waiting day and night to relieve madam of any exertion whatever; a maid to draw her bath and prepare it with the proper medications conducive to cleanliness, health, and beauty; there must be some one to dress her hair, manicure her nails, pedicure her feet, massage her face, put on her stockings and shoes—in fact, dress her completely with but little, if any, exertion on her own part.

One could hardly expect a woman of this self-indulgent kind to know anything about housework, or care anything about it, even in the home her husband's money supports. Oftentimes we read of women of this high social rank being reduced to penury and want, obliged to be self-supporting, with but little knowledge of anything practical except the spending of money. It is an established fact that when there comes to a girl or woman the sudden necessity of becoming self-supporting, be she living in a large or small city, or in the country, she deliberately turns her back on housework and searches for golden opportunities in some factory or office. Even the glamour of the footlights attracts girls toward the stage as a means of livelihood, who would do far better in household service. They could cook deliciously; launder clothes amazingly well; make pastry that would bring them well-earned compliments and good wages. But these are things they care absolutely nothing about. Their hearts yearn for a different life, entirely apart from any department of housework.

After a long, hard struggle in pursuit of the alluring profession, the woman of this type finds that for each and every vacancy there is a long "waiting list," and finds hundreds of applicants for the same position she is seeking at every door when she arrives. Her application is filed, and—forgotten, usually, while she waits and waits. The sting and disappointment of failure are apt to become unendurable, and the bitterness of deprivation many times leads her to a worse calamity than the "drudgery" of housework, and she becomes popular on the street at questionable hours. The germ of ambition may still flourish in her mind, and she pictures herself at some not distant day as the heroine in some great play, a manager of some large manufacturing establishment, or the head of a department in some store or factory, at wages which will enable her to live in luxury. She conscientiously tries to attain the desired achievement, finding in the end that her ambition only leads to cruel disappointments.

Had she chosen housework in the first place, and made herself as efficient in it as she wanted to become in office or factory work, she would have saved herself many heartaches, had a snug sum in the savings bank, plenty of wholesome food, and a home, aside from equipping herself with such household knowledge as would have rendered her a companionable and competent helpmeet for any young man who might wish a good housekeeper for a wife, and to take charge of his home and earnings. She could not gain such an independence through any other position, either in factory or office.

"But," says the cook, the waitress, or the laundress, "what time do we get to ourselves for rest, or the cultivation of our minds, to read or to sew for ourselves, even if we were inclined to? We scarcely get time to change our clothes. There is so much expected of us it is almost impossible to meet the demands of our employers; we have practically no independence, and as for social pleasures, they are entirely out of the question before nine o'clock at night. In every well-regulated household the servants are supposed to be in their rooms by half-past ten, and it is quite necessary that we should be in by that time to get the necessary rest to carry us through the work the following day will bring." The mistress and maid should work in perfect harmony toward establishing discipline in the kitchen, laundry, dining-room, and throughout the entire house, so that each maid will have some time to herself each day—an hour for luncheon and dinner, and an hour in the afternoon in which to rest or do whatever she likes before changing her clothes for the evening.

It should be a rule in every household that employs servants that the latter should bathe

daily; this is necessary for health and cleanliness, and as a human being the servant is entitled to time enough in which to take a bath, no matter what her work requires. This habit alone will create self-respect in a girl's mind and influence her toward giving better service, thereby improving her own condition. Every woman has certain moral rights, and every woman can, to a certain extent, be a law unto herself wherever she may make her home. She must work out her own salvation, not with fear and trembling, but according to her needs and her ability. She should cultivate good judgment, deliberation in matters pertaining to her own advancement and the interest of her employer. Neither the mistress nor the servant can lay down hard and fast rules, as there are always plenty of things coming up to disturb them. There must be more or less arbitration, consideration, and desire to please on both sides. Each will be compelled to endure things daily that she does not like, but the desire to please, tempered with good judgment and amiability, will tide over these temporary difficulties. Let the maid accomplish her work with thoroughness in all that she does, even if she knows but little of the work at hand.

Silence is a sure road to peace and harmony. "A still tongue makes a wise head," says an old proverb, and it proves especially true in domestic affairs where there are apt to be differences of opinion and misunderstandings between mistress and servants. Some misunderstandings with servants prove to be contagious and spread through the entire family, and a general disagreement ensues before peace is established again. Gentleness on the part of the mistress is imperative. She should look gentle, be gentle in manner, and above all give her orders in a dignified, amiable manner, and her orders should be received with respectful attention on the part of the servant.

Beware, always, of the fussy or nagging woman. You will know her among a thousand by her look of utter dejection, corners of the mouth drawn down, and fish eyes that look upon every living thing as dishonest, disloyal, and untrustworthy. Woe and misery are ever at her heels, be she mistress or servant. If the latter, her work will always be lagging, her pastry will be heavy, and her bread as soggy as her disposition. She will make constant trouble with the other servants, and keep the entire household in turmoil until she is gotten rid of. If it is the mistress of the house who is inclined toward this unfortunate habit, affairs of the home will indeed be pitiable. She will whine at everything, and prove herself to be one of the most tiresome creatures on earth.

The fussy woman is generally idle and lazy, and one of the best cures in the world for fussiness is work. Let her be made to do for herself what others do so unsatisfactorily for her. There are women in the world who are never pleased—their coffee is too hot, and their tea is too weak; the butter is too fresh, and so are the vegetables; there is too much ice in the drinking water, or there isn't enough; the laundress has starched her petticoat until it is "a perfect sight," and the salads the butler makes are "not fit for anybody to eat." If any members of the family express satisfaction with the way in which the work is done she flies into a temper and accuses them of always taking the part of the servants against her, and

rushes about hysterically. She "fusses" at the most inopportune times—if there ever is an opportune time to fuss—and proceeds to air her views upon all occasions to any one who will listen. She is simply a bunch of selfishness, and an eating canker in any home unfortunate enough to shelter her. Of course she thinks she is a paragon of good nature, and to attempt the task of changing the fussy woman's disposition will result disastrously to the friendly relations. A millstone about the neck of her family, she drags them to the depths of her own unhappiness.

The ordinary difficulties of a household will adjust themselves if the servant will maintain silence and an interest in her work. About the same kind of human nature exists in the mistress as in the maid, although the former is supposed to have hers under better control. If the maid shows bad temper the management grows more difficult, and the oil of tact will have to be poured over the troubled waters. This does not necessarily presuppose any degree of intimacy, beyond a general human interest in the girl who makes her home with you and upon whom so much of the comfort of the family depends.

A woman employing a number of servants has been heard to say that she did not know the names of any of her girls—that is, their surnames; whether they had any relatives or other home than the one she afforded them; she knows nothing about their lives whatever, and never talks with them except on business, and then in the very fewest words possible. She holds that sociability breeds familiarity, and that a servant is worthless from the time you treat her in any way as an equal. This mistress takes no more interest, apparently, in her maids than in the stranger within her gates. There is no look or word of sympathy; no thought of the pleasures and disappointments of her servants, who are giving their strength and sinew for what she calls "good wages." Everything she gives them "is too good for them," as she frankly expresses herself.

This woman, with the keeping of precious souls in her care, under her own roof, goes to church every Sunday, and to mid-week prayer-meeting, and, like the Pharisees of old, prays loud and long in conspicuous places for the heathen, and sends large sums through foreign missions to them. How much more Christ-like and unselfish would be the religion that could put her in touch with the home mission beneath her own roof, where, by putting out her hand, she could lend encouragement to some tired, discouraged mortal, whose spirit needs uplifting, and whose body needs medical treatment she has neither the means nor strength to secure. Her servants might render better service in return for an occasional kind word and pleasant smile from their mistress, and not feel the burden of bread-winning as a despised necessity. It is a small investment, yet it makes braver and better men and women, both in and out of the field of labor, and is often more than mere money to a girl who is friendless and dependent upon the work of her own hands for a livelihood.

There are women at the head of beautiful homes who manage their servants upon an entirely different basis. They are interested in the families of their help. Perhaps there is an aged mother whose sole support falls upon a daughter who labors as a cook. The servant may have children of her own depending upon her for food, shelter, and education. There may be sick relatives whom she is obliged to assist; there may be small brothers or sisters whom she is trying to educate, that they may become self-supporting. The church also makes its demands upon her purse, and to meet them all bravely requires a girl to be ambitious, hard-headed, and honest-hearted. A servant girl who has a mistress who meets her as a human being, capable of enjoying and suffering, seldom takes advantage of that fact. When she does she is not to be trusted. There are many little ways in which a mistress can show consideration toward her servants. Gentleness and civility are due the latter, and nine times out of ten the mistress will be repaid by the renewed interest the servant will have in the little economies of the house, and that means more than one servant's wages at the end of the month. A servant girl's heart is susceptible to kindness, and she may rise up and bless one for the good seed sown.

DEBON AYR.

A Notable Anniversary.

THE RECENT birthday anniversary of Mrs. Sylvia Langdon Dunham, of Hartford, Conn., was notable for two things—it marked the one hundred and fourth year of the life of this venerable woman, and it was celebrated in the same house to which she went as a bride eighty years ago.

They Stayed Too Late

HE thought her love was his; she smiled upon him when they met. And oft invited him to tea, nor gave him cause for fret. So welcome did she make him feel (this sweetly courteous maid,) He quite ignored the social code and often overstayed. The maiden still was kind to him, though coolly so, it seemed—His suit went not so smoothly as aforesaid he had dreamed. And when at length she fain would wed, she chose another mate; This swain might well have won her, but—he stayed too late.

ONE turned with zest to politics—he loved that manly game; Ere long the heelers toiled for him and conjured with his name. For years on years he held his sway and in his pocket bore The ballots of a thousand wards and half a thousand more. His hair grew white, his strong hand shook, he lost his youthful vim—A younger leader rose and drew the crowd away from him. The aged one, with ill grace, kept up his fight 'gainst fate And steeped his soul in bitterness—he'd stayed too late.

THE maid who dallied with the youth that longed to claim her hand And gave him just one more rebuff than pride would let him stand, Until he set his iron jaw and told her he was through, Then wed another, breaking one coquettish heart in two; The student, more attentive to his pleasure than his books, Who spent his nights carousing, spite of warning words and looks—He in his shameful failure and the maiden sore at fate Learned well the bitter lesson—they had stayed too late.

THE man who'd played the markets till he'd made a goodly pile— Enough to last him always and another little while— Continued speculating till it swept his all away, Because he'd been too eager for a little longer stay.

One day an earth-worn sinner said to Peter: "Let me in; I sorrowed on my death-bed for a lifetime spent in sin." Said Peter, as he shut and barred the massive golden gate: "I'd like to, Mister Sinner, but you stayed too late."

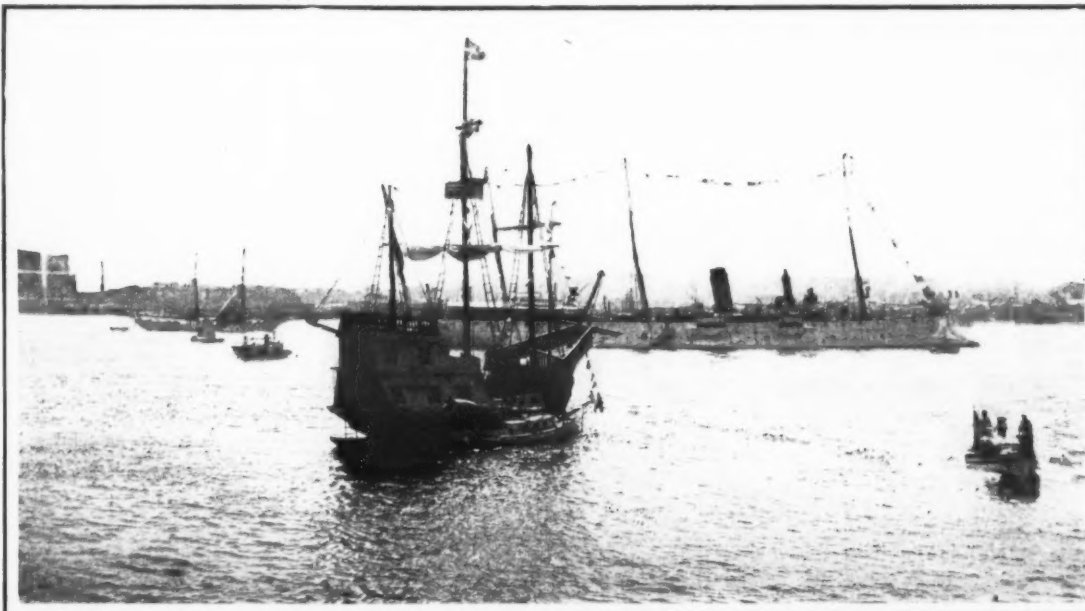
STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.



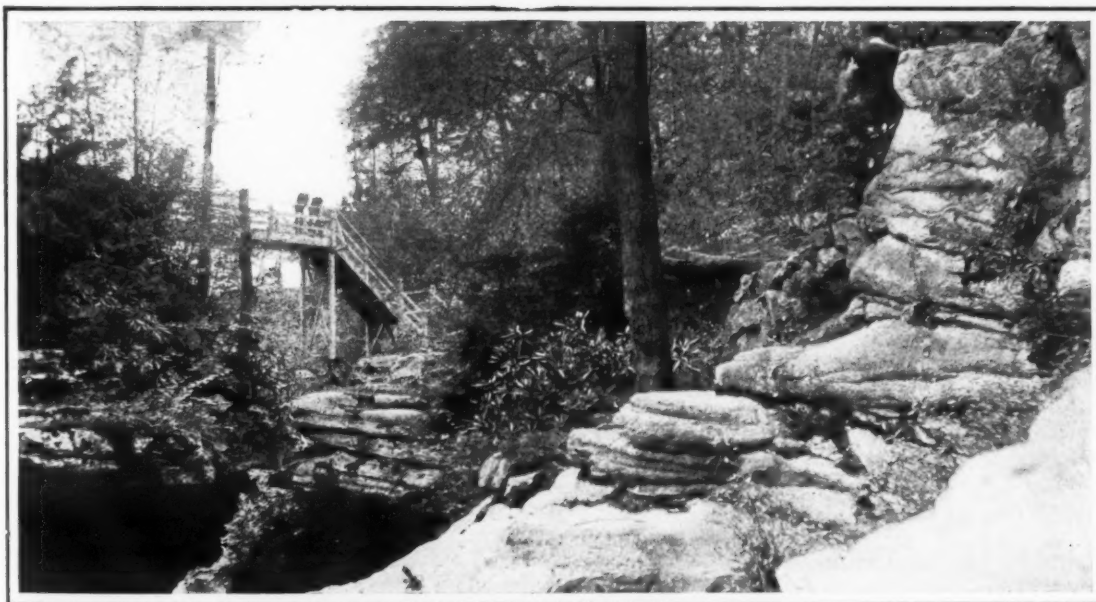
(PRIZE-WINNER.) COLONEL ALEXANDER RODGERS AND THE FIFTEENTH CAVALRY, U. S. A., PASSING CASTLETON CORNERS, VT., EN ROUTE TO THE MILITARY MANOEUVRES AT MANASSAS, VA.
Dr. Edward Chapin, New York.



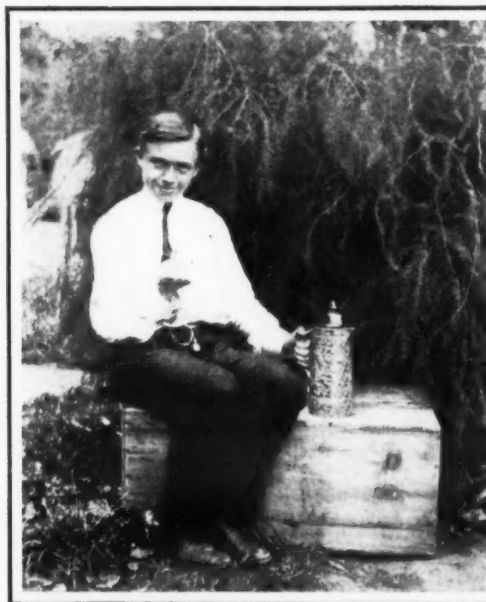
THE AFTER-DINNER SMOKE.
Ann Onimus, Florida.



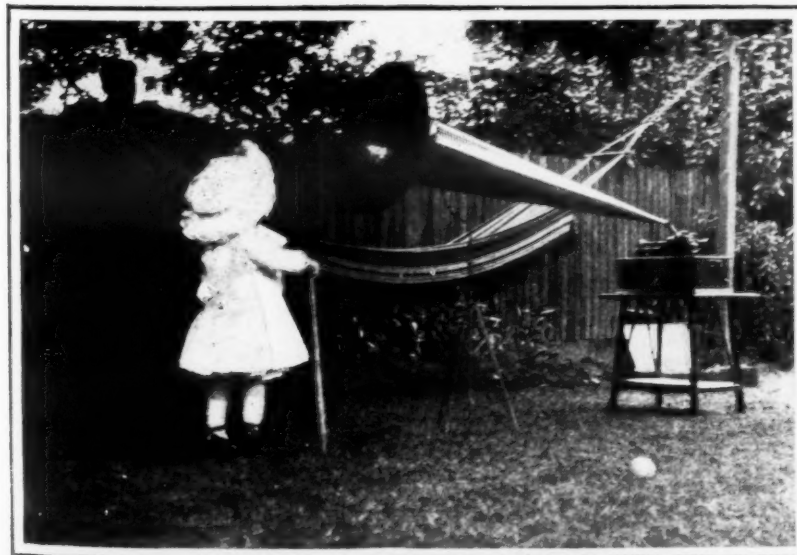
A STRIKING CONTRAST—FAC-SIMILE OF OLD-TIME EXPLORER CHAMPLAIN'S VESSEL AND THE FRENCH CRUISER "TROUDE."
AT THE RECENT TERCENTENARY CELEBRATION AT ST. JOHN, N. B.—Dr. Frank H. Moore, Maine.



"THE LOVERS' RENDEZVOUS," NYAUG PARK, SCRANTON, PENN.
J. J. Sweeney, Pennsylvania.



"UNDER THE ANHEUSER BUSH."
Willis E. Elliott, New York.



THE BOY AND THE GRAPHOPHONE—WITH APOLOGIES TO "HIS MASTER'S VOICE."
H. A. Stone, England.



VISITORS TO THE G. A. R. NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT, BOSTON, VIEWING WASHINGTON'S STATUE
IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN.—H. Greenwood, Massachusetts.

AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTO CONTEST—NEW YORK WINS.

STIR OF THE TIMES AND QUIANT PHASES OF LIFE PORTRAYED IN THE ARTISTIC WORK OF THE CAMERISTS.

(SEE OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 262.)



Books and Authors

By La Salle A. Maynard



AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL work far above the ordinary in range and interest is promised from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. during the coming book season, from the pen of Moncure D. Conway. Mr. Conway has had a long, brilliant, and eventful career, embracing a wide range of useful activities and a personal acquaintance with notable men and women, extending over a period of half a century and more. He is a Virginian by birth, but a Northern man by education and early association and in sympathy. His experiences include such varied phases of life as have fallen under the observation of a man who began his active career as a Methodist clergyman; changed from that to become pastor of a Unitarian church in Washington, and later to become widely known as an editor, writer, and lecturer, the author of several widely-read pamphlets favoring the emancipation of the slaves, a staff writer on the London *Daily News* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and minister at South Place Chapel, London. Mr. Conway spent many years in England and was on terms of intimacy with Carlyle, Ruskin, Dickens, the Arnolds, and many other lights in the literary firmament of the nineteenth century. It was our privilege recently to hear Mr. Conway discourse for an hour or more in a reminiscent way upon the Carlyles, with both of whom, husband and wife, he was on terms of close personal intimacy for years. His account of the conditions prevailing in the Carlyle household, it need hardly be said, differs at radical points with the impressions conveyed in the Froude biography. It is quite the other side of the shield that he holds up to view, whereby Carlyle is made to appear not as an irritable, crusty, selfish, and miserly consort, but as one of the most tender, thoughtful, and truly affectionate spouses that a wife of the type of Jane Carlyle could wish to possess. In Mr. Conway's opinion Froude did not intentionally give out a false impression concerning the relations existing between the Carlyles, but he holds that Froude was temperamentally unable to understand and appreciate, and therefore to interpret with truthfulness and sympathy, the character and conduct of the two beings whose biographer it was his unhappy fate to be. We shall doubtless have a chapter or two on this subject in Mr. Conway's forthcoming book which will be mightily interesting reading, for probably no man has lived, and certainly none is now living, more competent to speak with knowledge and without prejudice upon the home life of the Carlyles.

IN THE BUYING of books, as in the buying of butter, coffee, and nutmegs, it is always gratifying to know that you have "the real thing," and have not been seduced into spending your hard-earned cash for oleomargarine, chicory, and wooden balls. Not a few books about New York have been published which have as little of the genuine flavor of the metropolis in their composition as chicory has of the fragrant Mocha. Some, by dwelling too much and too darkly upon the follies, vices, and crimes incident to life in a great city, have left the impression that New York was ripe for a rain of fire and brimstone, while others have reversed the picture and made it appear that the metropolis was the place of all places most to be desired by men and women, young and old, in search of pleasure, fame, or fortune. In his book, "The Real New York," Rupert Hughes has gone to neither of these extremes; the title is no misnomer. Here you have the genuine article—New York with its lights as well as its shadows, its joys as well as its miseries, its palaces and its slum tenements, its Fifth Avenues and its Mulberry Bends, the grave and the gay, the ugly and the sordid, the artistic and the beautiful. These features are made all the more interesting by appearing in the guise of a story through which runs a thread of love and romance. The one hundred drawings by Hy

Mayer (twenty-four in color) accompanying the text furnish in themselves a pictorial history or narrative of New York of the rarest and most attractive kind. They are conceived in the same spirit as Mr. Hughes's text, and the two together go to the making of a volume which no one who wants to see and know New York as it is can afford to be without. The book is published by the Smart Set Publishing Company, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HOW MUCH the war in the far East has had to do with the success and popularity of H. Irving Hancock's successive volumes on *jiu-jitsu*, the Japanese method of physical training, it would be impossible to say, but certain it is that the public demand for these books has been great, and the end is not yet. The Putnams have just issued the fourth book by Mr. Hancock on this subject under the title, "Jiu-jitsu Combat Tricks." It is designed to supplement "Japanese Physical Training," and to enable students to perform the wonderful feats of strength and agility which have made this system famous. College men in particular will find much pleasure and profit in following up this fascinating sport and making themselves proficient in the ancient art of *jiu-jitsu*. Mr. Hancock's first book on this subject was "Japanese Physical Training," the second book, "Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods," and the third volume, "Physical Training for Children by Japanese Methods." Physical culture is at the present time receiving a great amount of attention in American public schools and other institutions of learning, and the methods set forth in Mr. Hancock's books deserve the earnest consideration of parents, teachers, and of all others interested in the welfare of the young.

THE LATE Laurence Hutton was, up to the time of his death, engaged in reading the proofs of "The Literary Landmarks of the Scottish Universities," which will be brought out in the fall by the Putnams as a handsomely illustrated book. Mr. Hutton spent the past winter in collecting material for a volume of reminiscences. He was faithfully assisted in this work by Mrs. Isabel Moore, who took full notes from conversations when Mr. Hutton was too ill to write himself. This task was completed on June 1st, only a few days before Mr. Hutton's death. A portion of this material appeared in the June *Critic* under the title, "Hands That Have Done Things." The entire work, in two volumes, will be published this fall by Messrs. Putnam. Although not a complete biography, it will contain the facts and associations of a lifetime which this genial and cultivated author thought most worth remembering.

THE NEVER-ENDING series of books about Washington will be lengthened this fall to the extent of two volumes by the Century Company, who will issue in this form the series of articles contributed to their magazine by Dr. Weir Mitchell on "The Youth of Washington Told in the Form of an Autobiography." Only a man with rare gifts could undertake to set forth a subject like this with any hope of interesting or attracting readers, but how well Dr. Mitchell has accomplished this object, readers of the periodical in question need hardly be told. The autobiographical idea has been carried out with scrupulous fidelity to facts, and yet with such a freshness and old-time flavor in the narration as to invest the work with the charm of a personal chronicle. The conception of the work was a happy one, and it has been executed in Dr. Mitchell's happiest manner.

"FRENCH CLASSICS for English Readers" is the title of a new series which the Putnams have in preparation for next winter. It will be edited by

Professor Adolphe Cohn and Dr. Curtis Page, of the department of romance languages and literature in Columbia University. The design of the series is to meet the need of the many who are interested in French literature and desire to know it directly, but who cannot read its authors in the original. Six volumes are in immediate preparation, as follows: One volume each of Rabelais, Montaigne, Beaumarchais, and George Sand, and two volumes of Molière. Each work will be introduced by a biographical and critical essay by an authority, giving an adequate account of the author's life, writings, and place in literary history. The introduction to Molière will be written by Professor Brander Matthews, who has made a lifelong study of Molière's work.

THE HEROIC career of Francis Parkman is told by Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick in a volume published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The work is based upon the historian's diaries, notes, and letters, and is particularly full in its account of his youth. Parkman's plan of writing history was formed early; his travels fixed in his mind the scenes and figures which he was to portray, and the rest of his life, as is well known, was spent in the retirement of an invalid scholar's chair. His working time was frequently reduced to less than half an hour a day, yet the greater part of his career was one of such tenacity of purpose and such magnificent endurance as has scarcely a parallel in the history of American letters. Many personal letters are used to show his close friendship with the great men of his day.

PROFESSOR HALL GRIFFIN has in preparation a "Life of Browning" which is pretty certain to appeal to lovers of the poet through its illustrations. It is stated in the *Athenæum* that the author of this book "has photographed every accessible spot, character, and picture mentioned in Browning's works, including every yard of his walk from the stall where he bought his old yellow book of 'The Ring and the Book' to his lodgings. He has also, for the first time, given the real date of the buying of the book, 1859, for which three later dates had been fixed by other biographers, Mrs. Orr having provided two of them." Some documents which Professor Griffin has obtained from the Domett family are expected to throw interesting light upon Browning's early life in London.

"THACKERAY in the United States," a two-volume work by General James Grant Wilson, is announced by Dodd, Mead & Co. for immediate publication. The illustrations should be interesting, as they will include a number of fac-simile letters, with pen-and-ink drawings by Doyle and Thackeray, some of them appearing for the first time; fifteen full-page portraits of Thackeray by D'Orsay, Doyle, Leech, Maclise, and others, and a group of pictures by Thackeray. This group contains the twelve members of the British royal family, the head of each individual being taken from a postage stamp.

The "Social Register" Summer Edition.

A VERY NEATLY printed "blue" book of society is the "Social Register," Summer Edition for 1904, which has been issued by the Social Register Association, 261 Broadway, New York. It contains the summer addresses of residents in the best social circles of New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Buffalo, and Southern cities from Richmond to Atlanta. It is compiled with notable care and accuracy, up to the high standard of all the publications of this association.



THE GAY AND CARELESS THROG ON THE SANDS AT ATLANTIC CITY.

FREE MINGLING OF BATHERS AND SPECTATORS ON THE FAMOUS BEACH, WHICH INCITED MAYOR STOT'S VIGOROUS CRUSADE AGAINST FLIRTATIONS.—Peirce & Jones.



MRS. FISKE
In her famous rôle of *Becky Sharp*, which she is reviving at the Manhattan. *Savony.*



SCENE IN THE FIRST ACT OF "SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS,"
Which re-opened the Belasco recently.—Henrietta Crosman, the star, in centre of picture.—*Byron.*



DOROTHY TENNANT,
Who will play the leading part in George Ade's comedy, "The College Widow," at the Garden.—*Hall.*



LAURA GUERITE,
Who appears as *Madam Marie* in "Mr. Wix of Wickham," at the Bijou. *Otto Savony Company.*



GEORGE ARLISS,
The well-known English actor, appearing as *The Marquis of Sleyne* in "Becky Sharp," at the Manhattan.—*Otto Savony Co.*



FAY TEMPLETON
In the summer hit, "A Little of Everything," recently transferred to the Broadway. *Otto Savony Company.*



JOSEPHINE COHAN,
The clever comedienne and dancer, who plays a leading part with the "Rogers Brothers in Paris," at the New Amsterdam.



LULU GLASER
In her new comic opera, "A Madcap Princess," at the Knickerbocker. *Burr McIntosh Studio.*



THE FUNNY CLIMAX OF ACT II. OF "JACK'S LITTLE SURPRISE," AT THE PRINCESS.
Arthur Byron as *Jack*, in chair at left.—*Byron.*

THE DRAMA IN NEW YORK.

MANY NEW PRODUCTIONS AND THE RETURN OF FORMER SUCCESSES CHARACTERIZE THE OPENING OF A PROMISING SEASON.

Union of American and Mexican Veterans

SEPTEMBER 17TH is the republic of Mexico's day at the St. Louis world's fair, and the exercises will be held at the beautiful Mexican pavilion, on the grounds of the fair. Many military and civic officers of our sister republic will be present. A few of the republic's veterans of the war of 1846-1848 against the United States, too, will participate. To-day, September 15th, the men on the United States' side in that war are assembled at East St. Louis in their annual reunion. These compose the National Association of Mexican War Veterans. Their East St. Louis gathering is held to transact routine business and elect officers for the coming year. On September 16th the association will meet on the world's fair grounds. On the 17th there will be a general fraternization between the Americans and the Mexicans, the first of the sort ever held. In connection with the gathering of the National Association of Mexican War Veterans there is also a convention of the Commemorative Association of the Dames of 1846.

The war of 1846-1848 between the United States and Mexico, which grew out of the dispute between the two countries regarding Texas's western boundary, was the greatest event of American history between the Revolution, which resulted in United States independence, and the war of secession, which overthrew slavery and created a more perfect union than was possible until both slavery and the doctrine of secession were abolished. In the war of 1846 fully 112,000 American soldiers were mustered into the service, but not all of these actually participated in the conflict. The American commanders were Taylor and Scott, both of whom received the presidential nomination afterward in recognition of their services in that struggle, and one of whom, Taylor, was elected. Among the other American officers in high station in the war were Wool, Worth, Quitman, Kearney,



CAPTAIN LEROY WILEY,
Of Illinois, treasurer of the National Association of Mexican War Veterans.
Joy's Art Gallery.



MRS. MOORE MURDOCK,
Of Fort Worth, Tex., secretary of the National Association of Mexican War Veterans.—Clinedinst.



JAMES C. CARLTON,
President of the National Association of Mexican War Veterans, and the youngest surviving soldier of the Mexican War.

of the States of Colorado and Wyoming, the whole of Arizona except the strip south of the Gila River, purchased in 1853, and most of the territory of New Mexico.

In Washington, D. C., on February 22d, 1873, the National Association of Mexican War Veterans was founded by Alexander M. Kenaday, formerly of California, who had already, in California, organized the Mexican War Veterans' Association, which became the nucleus and model of the national body. The meeting in East St. Louis and St. Louis in 1904 is termed the thirty-first annual reunion of the national association, and 1904 completes the fifty-sixth year since the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which closed the war in which its members

fought. The association's present officers are: J. C. Carlton, of Bedford, Ind., president; S. P. Tufts, of Centralia, Ill., first vice-president; Mrs. Moore Murdock, of Fort Worth, Tex., secretary; and Le Roy Wiley, of Paris, Ill., treasurer.

On the pension rolls there are 5,950 veterans of the Mexican War, three-fourths of whom are members of the national association. Branches of the association exist in Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Texas, California, and most of the other States. About 500 members have promised to participate in the reunion at St. Louis, and 300 of the Dames of 1846 are to be there. The exercises at the joint reunion on September 17th will be in English and Spanish. Señor Albino P. Nuncio, Mexico's commissioner-general at the fair, will make an address. General Lew Wallace, who will represent the National Association of Mexican War Veterans, will also speak. Speeches will likewise be made by David R. Francis, president of the World's Fair Company, and others, and an American and a Mexican band will give national airs of the two republics.

An Eye-witness of the War in the East Tells How Russians Retreat without Reason

Continued from page 252

ports came in that the Russians were falling back from all positions in the neighborhood of Mo-tien-ling, and that the next force to the right was a little ahead of our advance, but was meeting with no resistance. At no time have we received any official information as to what the right wing was doing. The rainy season began to threaten us, and the clear, hot days gave place to those during which the sun was obscured by clouds, while the full moon each night showed herself surrounded by a great circle. True to this promise, the rain began to fall in a soft drizzle on the afternoon of the 27th, and though next morning the rain held off while we packed our wet tents and damp blankets preparatory to moving forward, the sky gave warning that more water would shortly follow. Once again we circled around the general's staff at a respectful distance and pressed forward. The interval between the main body of troops and the baggage of the advance guard was a full mile, and then came a mile and a half of loaded carts and pack-horses which we must pass, the vicious little Japanese ponies snorting, squealing, and sometimes kicking as we pressed ahead, taking to the ridged furrows in the fields with alacrity when some restless brute presented his heels to us at right angles to the trail. The engineer corps was hard at work widening the roads and building low bridges across the many fast-running streams.

We were by the village, now, where we had seen the Russians two days before, and then suddenly, where the valley narrowed and the mountain stream ran plunging and complaining over a rocky bed, we came into a fine broad roadway, surfaced with gravel and walled on its down-hill side with well-laid rock—the Russian military road—the first evidence that the enemy was constructing a highway over which they might advance in force with artillery and heavy baggage-trains. The valley grew narrower, the hills higher, and the twisting roadway steeper. Evidently we were approaching another divide, and almost before the thought was formulated we had swung into a great amphitheatre, whose outer circling edge, at its lowest point, was fully four hundred feet above us. There were trenches—double-decked trenches—trenches on every spur, and high in the wind-swirled mists to the left a glimpse might be had, now and then, of a pinnacled hill crowned near its summit with ominous, red-earthed lines. The Russians had here prepared for a desperate defense, and a royal position it was.

Wondering, puzzled, we zigzagged up the great military road, laid at beautiful angles and with great wide corners where artillery might turn at the full run. The Russians had evacuated without a shot, had left a position where a regiment might have held back a division, had backed away from the panorama below them in which there was but one place where a Japanese battery could have taken position, and that within range of a thousand entrenched rifles; had run

from a landscape which their twelve-inch field-guns (whose wheel-tracks were still fresh in the pits) could have swept from end to end, and their infantry wiped out of existence every man of the enemy who attempted to advance on the road or climb up the forward low mountain ridges covered with abattis of fallen trees cleared from their summits. Until explanations come from the other side, this sudden evacuation of the position in front of the Japanese force near Mo-tien-ling will remain a mystery. The Japanese force in front of Hai-cheng certainly did not threaten them, nor is it believed that the right wing of this army had been able to advance sufficiently in its wide-swinging movement to menace them in the rear. It does look as if General Kuropatkin were beckoning us on to Liao-yang.

Once on the ridge, amazement increased at the tremendous amount of engineering work which had been done. Two wide artillery roads, paralleling the general lines of intrenchments, reached for a mile and a half around the left of their position, and climbed higher and higher until they were lost in the low-hung clouds which showered us with a fine mist. For over two miles we traveled to the left, crawling higher and higher on a narrow ridge, and finally over foot-paths to concealed trenches, whose coverings of green leaves had not yet shriveled. Every possible point where the enemy might attempt a flank movement on this side seemed to be protected, and trees were felled, with their branches down hill, wherever the topography suggested that an advance could be made, leaving a tangle to crawl through, with an open space before a death-dealing earthwork if the attempt to get up were successful. The Russians were prepared for retreat this time, for, besides the main road to the rear, they had constructed two new roads, winding behind the hills to the valley, over which they might retire.

The position on the right was not so extensive, and the trenches abutted against the almost vertical face of a forest-covered mountain twelve or fifteen hundred feet high. Evidently it was believed that even the Japanese would find it impracticable to make a flank movement over this mountain in force. Outposts and sentries, however, were kept on its summit to repel all patrols and scouts. For two miles down the valley the ground was trodden into barren spots where large numbers of men had camped, and whole villages of tents had apparently disappeared from the scene within the last few days, judging from the ground platted into company streets and the brush-woven edges of rectangular spaces which marked the boundaries of canvas shelters. Shelters for horses and feed-troughs were everywhere. Stone and mud baking-ovens, four in a battery, had been built at a number of points, and the wooden kneading-boxes were still filled with fermenting dough. One group of native houses was still burning, where the Chinese said the Russians had had great stores of their black bread, and the evidence of the truth of their statement lay in the industrious manner in which they were raking out basket

after basket full of broken bread from the burning ruins for their own future consumption. A brigade of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and a regiment of cavalry, we were told, had begun a hasty retreat on the 26th, which was not completed until late in the night of that day, when the rear guard of infantry and Cossack cavalry, with two guns, moved out behind the last wagon train. Nothing except a general order to retire given by General Kuropatkin could have caused this retrograde movement to a position twelve miles away, where, it is now said, two divisions are waiting to receive us into the valley of the Liao-yang with a magnificent display and demonstration.

On the 29th part of the Japanese advance guard, splashing through ankle-deep mud and wet to the skin in the ceaselessly falling rain, climbed another mountain rampart and had a fight with the mud-bogged rear guard of the Russians. They fought in the clouds, fought wildly and almost unseeing in the banks of wind-driven vapor which drenched them as it enveloped them. The Russian cannon let loose and tore holes through the blinding, billowing mists, and the shrieking shells burst no one knew where. Volleys and firing at will came from all sides, apparently, until reverberations and echoes multiplied the sounds into the fighting of great armies. This skirmish in a fog bank cost the Russians over twenty dead and the Japanese suffered twenty-two casualties. Both sides withdrew to draw breath, but the Russians continued retreating, and their enemy came back to the crest to lie in the dank, thick, watery screen and listen rather than watch. Eight Russian prisoners were captured, and certainly even the Japanese must pity the poor devils. These regiments of East Siberia, the Twenty-second and Twenty-fourth, who were so unmercifully licked at the Yalu, are not trained soldiers. They stay stolidly and get killed, while those who can run away. Raw, untrained, pasty-faced, hungry-looking, marching in Chinese shoes, clothes hanging in rags, guns uncared for, they are fighting the clean, muscle-hardened, highly-trained, quick-shooting Japanese, who is proud of his Emperor, proud of his officers, modestly proud of himself, and proud and care-taking of his equipment.

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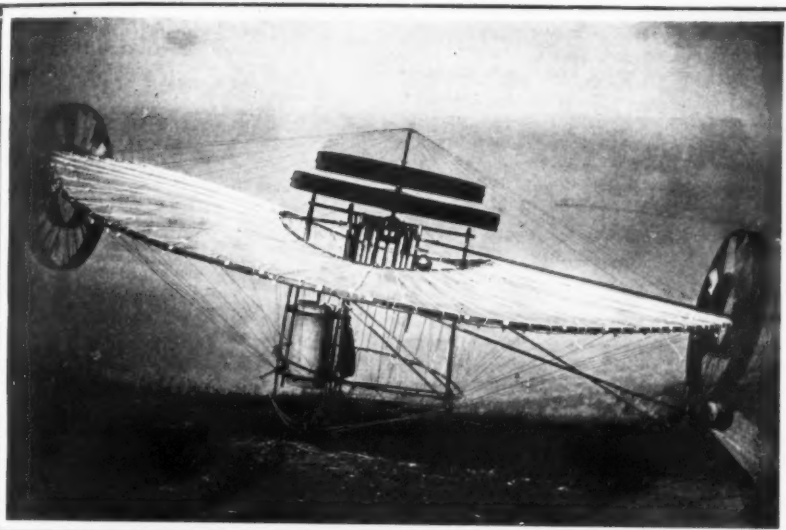
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HORSES LINED UP AT THE BARRIER FOR THE AMERICAN DERBY AT WASHINGTON PARK, CHICAGO, WON BY HIGHBALL, AFTERWARD KILLED AT BRIGHTON BEACH. HIGHBALL, WITH FULLER UP, STANDS NEXT TO NO. 3.—Cassiday.



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NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, BUREAU FOR
THE COLLECTION OF TAXES, NEW YORK,
September 1st, 1904.

TAXPAYERS WHO DESIRE TO OBTAIN their bills promptly should make immediate written requisition (blanks may be procured in the borough offices), stating their property by Section or Ward, Block and Lot or Map number, making copy of same from their bills of last year.

If a taxpayer is assessed for personal tax, the requisition should also request bill for such tax.

Each requisition should be accompanied by an envelope bearing the proper address of the applicant, AND WITH RETURN POSTAGE PREPAID.

In case of any doubt in regard to Ward, Section, Block or Lot number, taxpayers should take their deeds to the Department of Taxes and Assessments and have their property located on the maps of that Department, and forward to the Deputy Receiver of Taxes with the requisition a certified memorandum of their property, which will be furnished by the Department of Taxes and Assessments.

Taxpayers in this manner will receive their bills returned by mail at the earliest possible moment and avoid any delay caused by waiting on lines, as required in case of personal application.

The requisition must be addressed and mailed to the Deputy Receiver of Taxes in whichever borough the property is located, as follows:

JOHN J. McDONOUGH, No. 57 Chambers street, Borough of Manhattan, New York.

JOHN B. UNDERHILL, corner Third and Tremont avenues, Borough of The Bronx, New York.

JACOB S. VAN WYCK, Municipal Building, Borough of Brooklyn, New York.

FREDERICK W. BLECKWENN, corner Jackson avenue and Fifth street, Long Island City, Borough of Queens, New York.

JOHN DE MORGAN, Bay and Sand streets, Stapleton, Staten Island, Borough of Richmond, New York.

After receiving the bills, the taxpayer will see that they are properly related, then draw check for the net amount to the order of Receiver of the Taxes and mail bill and check, with an addressed envelope with the return postage prepaid, to the Deputy Receiver in whichever borough the property is located.

Checks should be mailed as soon as possible after the bills have been received by the taxpayer.

All bills paid during October must be rebated before payment.

DAVID E. AUSTEN,
Receiver of Taxes.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests. Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, at regular subscription rates, namely, \$4 per annum, are placed on a preferred list, entitling them to the early delivery of the papers, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. Address "Jasper," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

IT TAKES more than one swallow to make a summer, and it will take more than one bull movement to start a boom. One or two of my readers, whom I can forgive because of their obvious inexperience, seem to believe that the August rise in Wall Street justifies an immediate change of opinion as to the future outlook on the part of "Jasper." I wish that the correspondents, few though they be, who take this view of the situation would have the courage to sign their names to their letters, and not write to me anonymously. It might afford me pleasure, in the future, near or far, to recall to the minds of these gentlemen their present views of the situation.

I have lived through a number of booms in Wall Street, and I have never known a period of wild and rampant speculation on the bull side to be shortly followed by another movement of a like character. Inevitably and always such movements have been followed by a period of prolonged liquidation, culminating eventually in a crisis, if not in a panic. The bold and unscrupulous manipulators who carried the stock market into such a delirium of excitement two years ago that they themselves lost their heads, found, when the liquidation began somewhat unexpectedly, that they had a heavier load of securities to carry than they had anticipated. Again and again they have sought to unload, but every effort to advance the market has added to their burden.

Recently the bull leaders have been making a last desperate attempt to sustain the market until November, trusting that with Roosevelt's election they may inaugurate a new bull movement and find an easier opportunity to get from under the heavy burdens they have been supporting. The question is, Can they do this? The bull argument is that they can, if the corn and cotton crops are up to present expectations. The wheat crop, we know already, will show a deficiency. Offsetting large crops, however, we must still meet the serious labor troubles and the depression in business. High wages during a protracted period usually stiffen the demands of labor to such an extent that they become irrational, and the result has always been a clash between labor and capital.

This is an important factor in the present business depression, and it will not cease to be a factor, in the judgment of many, until we have another "soup-house winter," as a period of acute depression has been very significantly termed. Experienced observers understand this situation. It is well described in a recent weekly review of R. G. Dun & Co., which said: "The industrial atmosphere is still disturbed by labor controversies, however, and it will be impossible to fully restore national prosperity until the proportion of voluntarily unemployed wage-earners is greatly reduced."

"F." Philadelphia: Preference continued for three months.

"J. R." Ottawa: On reactions Soo common, Manhattan Elevated, U. G. I. of Philadelphia, Del. and Hudson, Del. Lack. and Western are usually safe to purchase.

"Hill": The preference in your list would be the Third Ave. guaranteed bonds, the South. Railway first cons., or the Central of Ga. divisional, as matters now stand.

"P." Brooklyn, N. Y.: I would not sacrifice my Texas Pacific at a loss. The stock has merit, but I would take a profit on a favorable opportunity and be prepared to buy on reaction.

"S." Port Henry: 1. Capital is averse to embarking in mining enterprises at this time, and I doubt if your proposition could be floated here.

"M." Philadelphia: Preference continued for six months. The prospects, I am told, are constantly improving. It may take a little patience, but, under existing circumstances, it is worth while to have it.

"Memphis": Reasonably safe, but there is always danger of competition or interference by local authorities, or by the taxing powers. The tendency is more and more to tax valuable local franchises at higher figures.

"Tonopah": 1. Will make inquiries. 2. You run risks in accepting any stranger who offers his services as a broker. There is less risk in taking a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and none at all if you choose a firm of established reputation, standing, and wealth.

"C. G." New York: I am told that a party of capitalists from Pennsylvania will leave September 20th for Nevada County, California, to inspect the Murchie mine. Possibly you could become a member of this party. Write A. L. Wisner & Co., 32 Broadway, New York.

"S. St." New York: Va.-Car. Chem. preferred, at 106, paying 8 per cent. on par, does not yield as good a profit as Corn Products preferred, around 70

and paying 7 per cent. on par, but the former has the better outlook, for the competition against the Corn Products is constantly growing.

"Bonds." New York: The Ft. W. and R. G. firsts have considerable merit, though they sold last January as low as 71. They sell on the same basis as other 4 per cent. bonds of their character, and would be affected by a sharp reaction, though not as much as more active bonds and railway shares.

"R." Deep River, Conn.: Preference continued for three months. I only know that it is doing much better this year and that unless we have an abnormally early fall and winter it will make an excellent report at the close of this year. Inside interests appear to be picking it up on every recession.

"Investor." Clyde, N. Y.: You are on my preferred list for three months. Amer. Ice preferred looks better than Chic. Terminal preferred at present, because the former is rapidly getting on its feet, while Terminal is losing ground. Its last statement showed a substantial deficit for the year, while the earnings of Amer. Ice, I am told, indicate a substantial profit.

"S." Baltimore: 1. The rumor that Reading is to be put on a 5 per cent. dividend basis is merely a revival of the talk of the Street. No official announcement of that kind has been made. On a 5 per cent. basis it would certainly be worth considerably more than Atchison common. 2. After the dividend has been taken off and the books have been closed.

"G." Groton, N. Y.: 1. The recent rise in Amer. Can preferred has not been so rapid as to indicate a belief that the 5 per cent. dividends are to be regularly maintained. The report of the earnings is favorable, but the stock is regarded as highly speculative. 2. The Frisco Collateral Trust Gold Notes, paying 4 1-2 per cent. and selling at 93, are a good short-time investment.

"Ignorance." Exeter, N. H.: 1. I see no reason why dividends should not be continued, especially on the higher-priced investment stocks you mention. 2. The market is entitled to a reaction before election, and it may come unexpectedly. Some of the most unscrupulous speculators have been interested in the manipulation for a rise. Nothing would please them more than to get the market to a top-heavy point and then suddenly take the bear side and pull it down.

"M. A. C. B.": 1. They are members of the New York Stock Exchange in excellent standing. 2. The market has seemed to be entitled to a reaction on each fresh advance. There is certainly nothing in the condition of business that justifies a greater rise. As I have pointed out, a very large short interest had to be covered, and it proved to be larger than had been anticipated. 3. If business conditions justify the rise in railroad shares, they also justify a rise in the industrials.

"C." Norwich, N. Y.: 1. The B. and O. S'wn. 3 1-2s I regard as safe. 2. Amer. Cotton Oil preferred is an industrial, showing large earnings and making good returns on the price. I think it reasonably safe for an industrial, but the bonds ahead of it of course are much better. 3. I doubt it, but I still believe that foreign complications must tend to stiffen money rates before the end of the year, unless the war in the East is speedily settled, and the prospects to that end are not decidedly favorable.

"A. B. C." Cincinnati: 1. There must be some error. Are you sure that the news-stands anticipate you? 2. The last report of Atchison showed a decided loss of earnings for the month of July. Mo. Pacific, with no preferred stock ahead of it, seems to have a better investment quality. It has not been speculatively as active recently as in the past, but is liable to become so whenever the pool which han-

dles it gets ready. 3. You should receive the paper very promptly if you are on the regular preferred list.

"G." Duluth, Minn.: 1. I can only wire in response to definite inquiries, otherwise I would have no time of my own. 2. St. Paul ranged last year from 134 to 133, and this year from 138 to present prices, which are the best of the year. St. Paul is an investment stock making substantial returns to its holders, and transactions in it are less speculative than ever before. I do not regard it as better than other investment stocks of its class, and, considering the rise it has had, would not be in a hurry to purchase.

"G." Owensboro, Ky.: 1. I would not go into the market at this time. You buy stocks and bonds the same as any other commodity, picking out those that you believe will yield a profit. It would be better for a beginner to buy investment stocks that pay regular dividends, and thus meet the interest charges. 2. None of the mining stocks you refer to is listed, and you might find difficulty in disposing of them in emergencies. 3. Members of the Stock Exchange in the best standing do not care to trade in small lots on margins, though they will buy any number of shares, however small, for customers who will pay for them in full.

"J. E." Philadelphia: Preferred for six months. 1. Investments of trust funds had better be made in bonds of the highest character and quality. There is no question that there must be reorganizations of some of the over-extended traction companies. Those in the large cities are reasonably safe, but lines have been built through country districts beyond traffic requirements. 2. Not gilt-edged. 3. The same reason applies as to No. 4. What I learn of it does not impress me favorably. 5. Trust funds can hardly be expected to earn over 4 per cent. Bonds that pay you more than this, as a rule, are not adapted for your purpose.

"C. C." Buffalo, N. Y.: 1. Some time since I said that while the Con. Tobacco 4s were not an investment bond, they were regarded speculatively with favor, because insiders had bought them nearer 70 than 60. The issue is very large, and as the bonds represent only the common shares of the Continental and American Tobacco companies, and are a debenture at that, they have very little of an investment quality. Repeated efforts to advance them were made, and finally it was reported that the bond agreement was to be dissolved and the bonds re-transformed into stock, on which more than 4 per cent. might be earned and paid. No official announcement of such action has been made, and I cannot say whether or not it is contemplated. 2. On its earnings, Erie common is high enough. The large issue of bonds on this road, made some time ago, has not been disposed of by Morgan & Co. Perhaps they would sell better if the stock were higher. This may be the milk in the coconut.

"K." Baltimore: 1. They are better. 2. No. It is hard to tell, because next year's year is not concurrent with the calendar year. An effort is making to have the statement this year made at the close of December, which will be much better all around. 3. About 12. 4. Yes. 5. It all depends upon the weather. 6. That is the purpose, and the capital can now be commanded, but the effort of this year has been to put the company on a safer footing. 7. I have no doubt of it, but the earnings will show an increase. 8. Something will have to be borrowed, no doubt, but not as much as last year, and with better credit the interest rate should be lower. 9. There is no reason to believe that such action will be taken. The interests of the party now are all on the side of the company's success. 10. The party to whom you refer is the holder of a considerable number of shares, bought at figures higher than you paid. He has disposed of none of his stock, and tells me he expects to get out with a profit, though it may take time to do so.

Continued on page 361



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Tickets sold at points east of Buffalo give option of going by rail or steamer either way between Buffalo and Cleveland with extra charge.

For your trip. To assist in arranging your trip get a copy of our book about the World's Fair, containing a complete colored map of grounds and other useful matter; also book entitled "List of Hotels, Boarding and Rooming Houses in St. Louis," with rates, etc., and "Book of Trains." Above sent to any address for four cents postage to cover mailing cost. A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 260.

"F." Derry, Penn.: 1. It looks so to me, though it might be well to wait and see if the market sustains further reaction. 2. It should, unless inside interests, which seem to be accumulating the shares on every decline, prefer to manipulate the market so as to prevent an advance. 3. I doubt if I could get it in advance, but will see what can be done.

"C." Bridgeport, Conn.: Preferred for six months. 1. Denver and Rio Grande preferred ranged last year from 67 to 90, and this year from 64 to 75 1-2. Its earnings are not altogether favorable, and if the business depression continues dividends may have to be reduced. From the investment standpoint I do not regard it favorably. 2. They are fairly good. 3. At present B. and O.

"A. T." Decatur, Ill.: 1. Some time ago I advised you not to dispose of Chic. Traction stock, because of the belief that ultimately strong interests might become interested in the complications of the situation and unravel them. The recent rise in Traction preferred is concurrent with the rumor that such a combination has been made by New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia promoters. 2. The liabilities of the U. S. Electric Clock Company were reported at \$14,000, and the assets at over half a million, most of this consisting of patents of questionable value.

"W." Brooklyn: The rise in N.Y. Transportation, which has almost doubled the price of this cheap stock since I suggested that it had possibilities, is generally explained on the theory that it was sympathetic with the handsome rise in all the other local traction securities. A profit is always a good thing to take. In the absence of any satisfactory explanation by insiders, you are as able to judge whether it is wise to take it now as I am. I have endeavored to obtain information, but the company is not in the habit of giving it very generously, even to inquiring stockholders. I am sorry to say. It has a valuable franchise and ought to be doing a profitable business, if honestly and conservatively managed.

"H." New York, and "J. J. J." Minn.: The company's condition and prospects have greatly improved this year, in spite of an abnormal season. I am told that the report at the close of the year will be far more favorable than the preceding report. The stock is inactive and whatever is offered seems to be picked up by those on the inside. J. J. J. is right in his comment that insiders usually pick up inactive stocks as quietly as possible when they are accumulating them. He might have added that after they have secured all they want they begin the booming process and make the poor public climb for the shares; and it is a peculiar fact that insiders always seem to have much more patience than outsiders.

"W." Hammond, Ind.: Preference continued for one year. 1. Among the cheap speculative stocks of the industrial class you are correct in mentioning Ice common and Int. Mer. Marine common, but one who buys them must be patient and wait for the return of a favorable tide in the affairs of both. A hot summer would go a long way toward rehabilitating Amer. Ice, and two hot summers in succession would add enormously to its earnings and prospects. A settlement of the ocean passenger war would be of benefit to Int. Mer. Marine, but more than anything else it needs a general revival of shipping. 2. I would increase my holdings on a sharp decline and wait for the turn in the tide, which must eventually come.

"C." Galveston, Tex.: 1. Manhattan Elevated, as a guaranteed 7 per cent. stock, ultimately, will probably sell on a 4 per cent. basis. I pointed this fact out when I recommended its purchase around 138. Of course a severe reaction in the market would affect all shares more or less, Manhattan included, but investment stocks would stand the strain better than speculative securities. 2. Del. and Hudson is not restricted in its dividends, as Manhattan is, and that gives it greater value for speculation as well as investment. 3. All first-class dividend-payers and some that have come more particularly in vogue of late, like Union Pacific, Mo. Pacific, Soo common, and Western Union are attractive on reactions. The safest, of course, for a trader in a market presenting abnormal conditions are first-class investment securities like Del. and Hudson, St. Paul, and the preferred stocks of railroads paying dividends on their common shares. 4. U. S. Express is strong in connection with the strength manifested by all the other express stocks. Very few transactions in it are reported, and, while it pays only 4 per cent., it is earning 6, and is in demand on every reaction.

"N. P.": Every business has its ups and downs. Many experienced operators buy stocks in times of greatest depression, and if they are patient usually reap rich profits. The shipping industry is now suffering from the worst depression in many years. Some believe that Russia will shortly give large orders to our ship-yards for battle-ships, and some believe that the war in the East will ultimately involve Great Britain and France and give a decided stimulus to the American merchant marine. If this should happen, our ship-building and marine stocks would no doubt advance. So with N. Y. Transportation. It formerly sold at much higher prices. It was assessed and still seemed to decline, until it finally reached a figure less than half the assessment the stockholders had paid. As the company had a valuable traction franchise in New York City, the stock seemed to me to be a good speculation around 4 and 5, and I suggested its purchase some months ago. During the recent boom in traction securities this stock rose to 8 1-2. Another very cheap, or, rather, low-priced, stock on the curb is Bay State Gas, which recently sold at about 25 cents a share. This stock is involved indirectly in the trouble which Lawson is stirring up in the Boston Gas situation, and there are possibilities that it may be a factor of some importance, speculatively considered. For this reason, those who like to gamble in Wall Street have been buying from 100 to 1,000 shares, in the hope of doubling, trebling, or even quadrupling their money. As it takes less than \$25 to buy a hundred shares, this stock has a special attraction for those who enjoy the risks of Wall Street. Of course no broker would advise purchases of these cheap securities, excepting for speculation, but they are far more attractive than some industrial shares, whose low prices indicate a danger of reorganization.

Continued on page 262

For Coughs and Colds, children take Piso's Cure for Consumption without objection.

Took a Month Off.

"I THINK I'll take a month off," remarked the tired clerk with a sigh, and as his employer looked up in surprise he languidly tore the July sheet from the calendar.

If any persons still doubt the superiority of the Sohmer Piano let them try for themselves and be convinced, not only that the Sohmer is the best, but that it will continue to be the best.

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Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermit," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

J. CARLISLE McCLEERY, editor of *The Insurance, Banking and Financial Review*, of London, England, and the author of several works on insurance, has published a booklet that bears the title, "Some Life-insurance 'Don'ts.'" Its aim is to help the life-insurance agent, but policy-holders may also derive some valuable hints from the same sources, and therefore I pass a few of the don'ts along to my readers. Here are a few paragraphs:

Don't look out entirely for Number One. Many a man's eyesight has been irretrievably injured by over-indulgence in that pastime.

Don't talk a man to tatters.

Don't brag.

Don't try to over-insure a man.

Don't under-insure a man.

Don't take a man's I. O. U.

Don't forget to be successful.

Don't sell a man a policy he thinks he wants, if you know of one that will be better for him and yourself.

In this matter of life insurance, as in everything else which concerns the welfare of men, it is worth while to know "both sides of the story," to get the other man's view of the situation. The life-insurance business, as conducted by the regular and standard companies, is all open and aboveboard, so that only good and not harm can come to policy-holders, present and prospective, when they learn about the inside workings of the business.

"P." Kansas City: It is a comparatively new company, with a very heavy expense charge and doing a small business. I would prefer an older and stronger company.

"M." Stearns, N. C.: 1. The company does no business in this State, and what I can learn of it is not calculated to inspire confidence in it. 2. I know of no good company that will take such a risk.

"T." Allentown, Penn.: 1. The physical examination required for accident insurance is by no means as close and exacting as that demanded from applicants for life insurance. 2. The Travelers of Hartford.

"S. W." Cleveland: I see nothing particularly attractive about the proposition and would certainly recommend one of the bond issues of an older and stronger concern, if you desire to invest in an insurance bond of the best character.

"T. T." Elmira, N. Y.: The social features of the fraternal order to which you allude are no doubt attractive, but the insurance it offers you has nothing but cheapness to commend it, and no insurance is really cheap which has not an abundant surplus, character, and capital behind it.

"M." Worcester, O.: No doubt the company is acting under legal advice and knows the strength of its position. It looks as if it had the right of the case, but it would be well to consult an attorney. It is possible that the stipulations of the policy are such that the company is obliged to enforce them in the manner indicated, or make itself liable to a suit later on.

The Hermit.

Special Prizes for Amateur Photographs.

ATTENTION is called to two new special pictorial contests in which the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY are invited to engage. A prize of \$10 will be given for the most acceptable Thanksgiving Day picture coming to hand by November 1st; and a prize of \$10 for the picture, arriving by November 1st, which reveals most satisfactorily the spirit of the Christmas-tide. These contests are all attractive, and should bring out many competitors.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. We offer a prize of \$5 for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and to that which bears a special relation to news events. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for their return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and \$1 will be paid for each photograph we may use. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the makers. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not suitable for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners. The contest is open to all readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, whether subscribers or not.

N. B.—All communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine" or other publications having no connection with LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 261.

"C. I." Cincinnati: 1. Dividends were paid on American Ice common for a year or two. Republic Steel common has never paid a dividend. I would rather have Ice common. 2. Atchison preferred will give you much greater safety than the common. It pays 5 per cent., and the common only 4. Leather preferred pays 6, Woolen preferred 7, and Va.-Car. Chemical 8.

"U. S." Augusta, Fla.: 1. The Frisco refunding 4s are not an absolute first mortgage, as a large amount of prior liens stands ahead of them, but they are fairly attractive at prevailing prices. 2. I do not wonder that preferred stockholders of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton object to the scheme of a Wall Street syndicate and certain insiders in the concern to take the preferred stock at \$108 a share and have the company buy it from the syndicate at \$122 a share. If this is honest, fair, and decent I have nothing to say, but I don't believe it is, and stockholders should go into court and block the game.

"W. D." Bangor, Me.: 1. The decline in Gt. Western preferred A is explained by the report of the passage of the dividend, at least temporarily. Insiders knew of this contemplated action, and it is safe to say that they unloaded their holdings; and now, if they finally decide to pay a dividend, they can make another successful clean-up by buying the stock at low prices, before the public is aware of their contemplated action. What a "skin" game this is for decent men to engage in! 2. I cannot understand how any one can believe that the business depression is passing away, in the face of such statements as are constantly being printed. A leading New York newspaper, the other day, reported in its news dispatches ninety thousand unemployed men in Chicago, twenty-five thousand out in the New England textile strike, and forty thousand miners idle in the anthracite coal region.

"St." Milwaukee: 1. The manner in which certain manipulators have taken up one stock, or a group of stocks, one after the other, and manipulated them for a rise, is characteristic of Wall Street operations. The same plan was used to bring about the boom of 1901, and while a clique was putting up one stock they were selling out another. It is an old trick, but it still seems to work well. 2. The Pacific Mail S. S. Company's contract with the Panama Railroad Company, which gives to the former a monopoly of the Panama Railroad freighting business on the west coast, continues until next April. Although the United States government owns 69-70 of the stock of the Panama Railroad, it cannot change the management until next April, when the directors are to be chosen. Meanwhile, the present management can make any sort of a contract it pleases with Pacific Mail, and for any length of time, but I doubt if the government will permit any over-reaching. Under the circumstances I would take my profit in Pacific Mail.

New York, September 8th, 1904.

JASPER.

William R. Grace Memorial Albums

THE ESTATE of the late William R. Grace, ex-mayor of New York City, has just had fourteen memorial albums compiled by the Romeike corporation of newspaper clippings, embracing obituaries from newspapers and periodicals in all portions of the civilized world. No business or public man has been more lavishly eulogized in years, the articles varying in length from a few lines to an entire page. The fourteen volumes are in duplicate and are for individual members of the Grace family and the New York and branch houses throughout the world of William R. Grace & Co. The thousands of clippings gathered have been tastefully mounted on imported bristol board and bound in genuine morocco leather. Above each clipping is printed the name of the newspaper or periodical from which it is taken, the ones from the *Times* occupying a prominent position. This is one of the largest orders for memorial albums on the death of a person in private life at the time that has ever been given. The portraits, frontispiece in each album, hand touched, cost fifteen dollars each, and the albums are works of art.


Corporate Management Explained.

PERSONS INTERESTED in stocks and bonds and corporations will find especially useful and instructive information in "A Manual of Corporate Management," prepared by Mr. Thomas Conyngton, of the New York Bar, and published by the Ronald Press, New York. The author is a corporation lawyer of extended practical experience, and he is a recognized authority on the matters of which he writes. The book clearly, concisely, and accurately presents the working details of corporate procedure. It gives directions concerning the conduct of corporation meetings, the duties of officers, the issue and transfer of stock, the forms of contract, the proper methods of bookkeeping, etc., and it is made handy for quick use by an index and cross references. The value of such a work to attorneys, officials, and stockholders of corporations is therefore self-evident. It has met with such favor in business circles that a second reprinting has been necessary within a year. The volume contains 350 pages, and is well printed. (Price in buckram, \$2.50; in sheep, \$3.00.)


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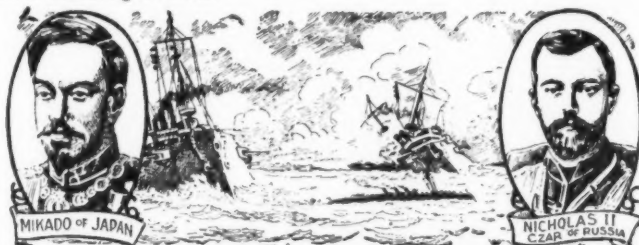


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